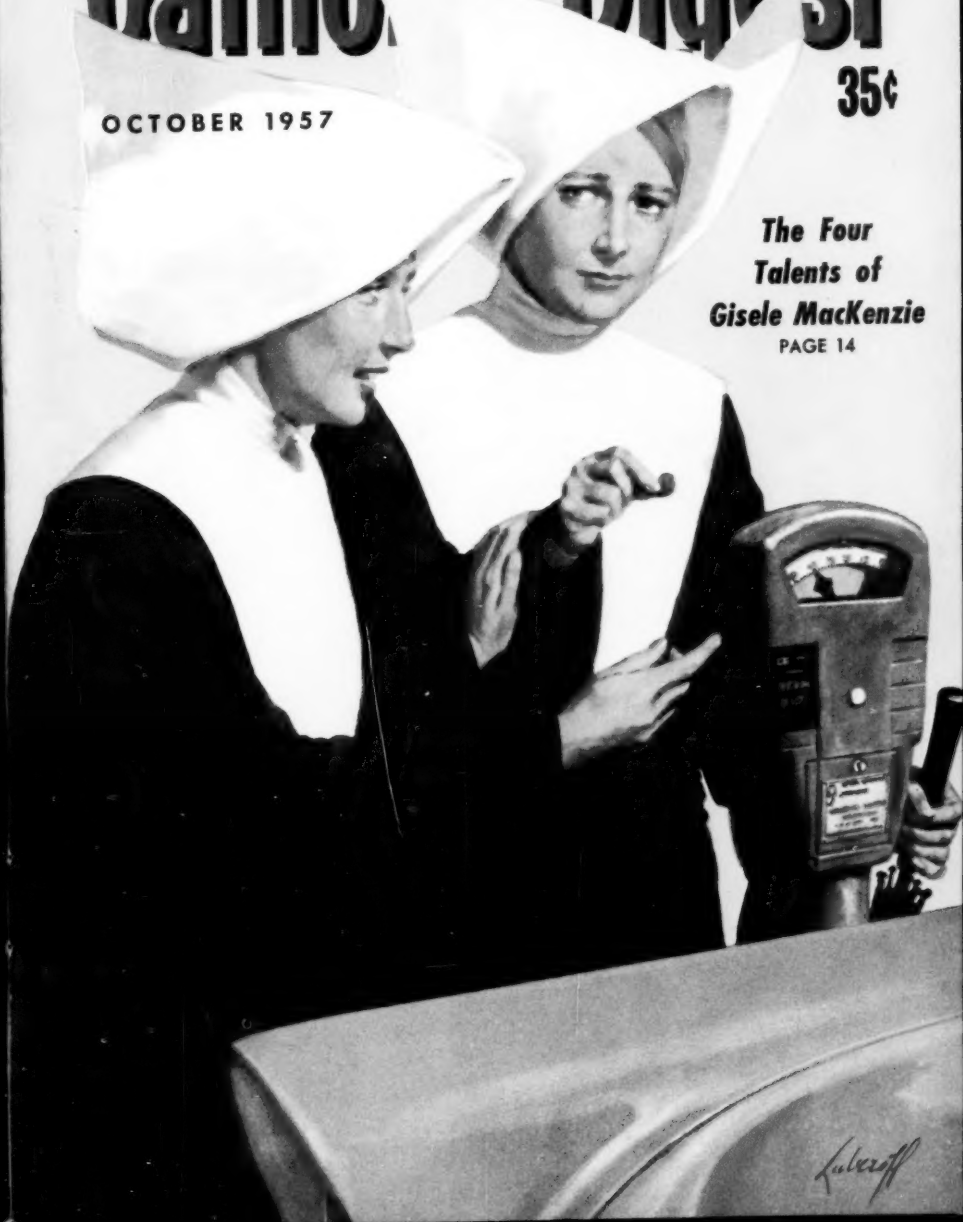


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A Poor Man's Legacy

*Was it any more than that
pitiful bundle of shoestrings?*

IT WAS A WONDERFUL thing to be a little girl in 1915, and learn from my father that to be poor was to be like God, for, when God was a little boy, He was poor. Still, father would never admit that we were poor. When we would ask him he would say, "No, we are not poor. To be poor is not to have enough to eat. We always have enough to eat." He took for granted mother's ingenuity with a 10¢ soupbone, an onion, and a few other vegetables from the garden.

I had a unique position in our family. I was blessed with five older brothers and sisters, by whom for 26 months I was adored as the baby, and with five younger brothers and sisters, to whom I became in rapid succession baby changer, nose blower, face washer, hair comber, first-aid nurse, and, on occasion, rigid disciplinarian.

Father was janitor in a country school in the copper-mining district of Northern Michigan. Those were the happy days when the whole "location," about 20 families, did their family shopping at the company store, supplemented about four times a year by an order from



Sears-Roebuck. How I remember the wonderful things that would come in those orders: graham crackers, peanut butter, catsup, and, around Christmas time, gorgeous, bright-colored, sticky hard candy!

Most of the men worked in the mines, but mother felt that a man with a large family should not so risk his life, and, besides, the pay was not enough to support a family. When we asked how the other fathers and mothers managed it, mother would explain that some people were used to having hard-tack and salted fish all winter, but she felt that such fare was not sufficient for growing boys and girls. And the Holy Father had said that every man had a right to a living wage. Mother had her private opinion of a system that did not pay its men enough to support their fam-

ilies, and she often quoted the encyclical *Rerum Novarum*.

When I think of it now, mother was surprisingly familiar with the encyclicals, perhaps more so than her more privileged sons and daughters. Of course, mother had the good fortune of having gone through the 3rd grade, and she could read and write. Father had been even more privileged; he had gone to the 6th grade, and was recognized as "very good in math." We always displayed with great pride his six bulky books: a correspondence course in steam fitting.

Father was the peace-loving family-man type; he inherited this quality from his French ancestors. He was not infected with the competitive spirit springing up on all sides in the prewar period. He had no anxieties, no ulcers. God-fearing, he lived as if he believed God meant it when He said, "Do not be anxious, saying, 'What shall we eat' or 'What shall we drink' or 'What are we to put on,' but seek first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be given you besides."

To mother and dad, children were God's gifts, to be revered, fed, clothed, taught, to the best of one's ability. A child was not a possession; he was an individual with personality and soul, to be worked for, played with, loved, enjoyed, suffered for.

I can still remember the day in 1917 when dad came home from

work at noon, looking very grave. "What brings you home at this hour?" mother asked.

"The mine was shut down—we are in the war." There was a little moan from mother, and I knew something terrible had happened, but I didn't know what it was.

"Mama," I said, "what is war?"

Busy days followed. We children were promised a train ride, and there was much excitement about moving 26 miles to another town where daddy would have a better chance for work. It seemed as though we were going to the end of the earth. My oldest sister was to crate the chickens. She did, so tightly that all were smothered.

Work was hard to find, and dad held several jobs: fireman at the mill at \$3.50 a day; yardman at a golf course at \$2.25 a day; construction work at \$4 a day. That was unheard-of pay, the best money he had ever made. Still, there were stories of Henry Ford in Detroit paying \$5 a day.

Henry Ford could never know how much mother loved him: he believed in giving a workingman a living wage, just as the Holy Father said that employers should.

We children were enrolled in the parochial school, taught by the Sisters of St. Agnes. It was wonderful to hear from them those lovely simple truths about Jesus and his little Mama Mary, and Joseph, his foster father. Joseph was a carpenter. Joseph made things, using his

hammer and saw, and clean, white boards. I wished that my daddy was a carpenter, too. I didn't know what daddy was, and I wanted him to have standing. All the kids in school knew what their fathers were: "My father is a grocer, miner, blacksmith, dentist, farmer."

"Daddy, what are you?" I asked him one day. I often wonder what thoughts went through his mind, as I explained that all the other kids' fathers were something, and I wanted to know what he was so that I could tell the kids. My father gently explained that he did not have a trade.

"I am just a common laborer, someone who works with his hands." Then he explained to me about the white-collar workers, the skilled laborers, and the common laborers, men who do the heavy, hard work, men who do not have an education or a trade. They are the poorest paid of all workers.

Sometimes I was a little ashamed to say that my father was a common laborer, and I rigidly avoided the subject. But I knew it was being proud to feel like that, and one day when I was with a group of schoolmates I had to pass a place where my father was hauling dirt in a wheelbarrow. I wanted to look the other way and not see him, but I steeled myself, hard, and deliberately called out, "Hello, dad." That was a red-letter day for me. I had conquered my false pride.

Dad always had side lines, like

his potato patch, to help keep the wolf from the door. Often after his ten-hour night at the mill, he would walk to his potato patch four miles from home and work there until noon, then come home, dead tired, to eat and go to bed. I loved to help him in the field, although he was somewhat of a perfectionist. He would have all the rows dug, I would drop the potatoes into the rows, and he would follow me, covering them up. But he gave me a stick to measure just how far apart the potatoes should be.

Often, we would work for hours in silence: he was always aware of God when he was out of doors. I can still see him one chill fall evening, after we had been digging potatoes all afternoon. He stood on a little rise of ground against the horizon as the sun was going down, and the wind was blowing his hair. He had an other-world smile on his face as he said, "Honestly, Irene, isn't this God's own country? Doesn't it seem like He is right here?" Dad had never read a book about the presence of God, nor, I am sure, had he ever heard a sermon about the divine indwelling; still, he knew.

Besides working the potato patch, he hauled home discarded railroad ties for fuel. He and the boys would saw them into stove lengths, and then split them. He would give the boys their quota of ties to be sawed each day, and when problems of discipline came up, he

upped the quota to suit the occasion.

I don't remember just when the sure, silent, ever-growing momentum of Pope St. Pius' encyclical on Holy Communion first reached our house. Father and mother were both devout. They received Communion once a month, on Holy Name Sunday and on Altar-society Sunday. I can vaguely remember a conversation between them in regard to a sermon they had heard in which frequent Communion had been recommended. My father was hesitant.

"It seems to me" (that was a favorite expression of his)—"it seems to me that I would be unworthy."

"Still, if the Holy Father recommends it—" mother rejoined.

It was not like dad to let a good thing go by, and I am sure he looked into the matter, for soon they were both at the holy table every Sunday. Then, before long, dad received Communion on his days off, and then, as he became older and his work became lighter, on those gorgeous early mornings, winter, summer, spring, and fall when he walked the eight or ten blocks to daily Mass. Mother regretted that she had to stay at home to get the children off to school.

One could almost see them growing in holiness, and their joy increased from day to day, so that they attracted others to them: neighbors, shop people, the peddlers, the whole throng of common

people who can be found in any city block.

It was after I had finished high school that we moved to the city. We arrived in Detroit one year ahead of the depression. Cooking with gas was an angel's delight for mother, and dad found the eight-hour day a boon which gave him time for his steadily growing contemplative life. On mornings when he could not make it to Mass, he would spend two hours in prayer before he went to work. Mother often found him on his knees as he waited for his coffee to perk. His Father Lasance's prayer book was worn with use.

Thinking back, they must have become not a little concerned about me, as I marked my birthdays, 21, 22, 23, and showed no signs of singling out any of the perfectly nice young men who called at our house. They all were so very fine, but they were so little like father.

I can still remember the day I broke the news, first to mother. "I may not be here next year."

"Are you going to get married?"

"Yes."

"Irene, who are you going to marry? Tom? Dick? Bob?"

"No. No. No."

"Irene, you are going to the convent."

"Umhum," I gulped.

Dad was in the basement. It was canning time, and he had been helping mother make pickles. I found him alone down there.

"Would you like a glass of grape juice?"

Yes, he would. I brought two glasses, and sat down at the worktable near him.

"I have news for you."

"Good or bad?" he bantered.

"I think you will find it good," I said.

"What is it?"

"I am planning to enter the convent."

He held a big cucumber in one hand, and a butcher knife in the other, and stood stock still. Only his eyes spoke, filling with tears of joy. Then, "I never thought that I would be worthy of having a daughter in the convent. This is the greatest happiness God could give."

None of the others felt that I gave much promise. The boys gave me two days, three weeks, one month, one year. But dad never doubted that I would stay. The only hint mother gave me that she was not quite sure was when she suggested that I should not give my clothes away.

My younger sister (who could wear all my clothes) was in seventh heaven at this sudden windfall. She never let it enter her head that I might leave the convent.

When I came home as a postulant, I told dad some of the things that I found hard. He said, "It is hard for you now because you are young, and it is hard to give up all these things, but as you get older you will find that they don't amount

to anything, and the only real joy is in the love of God."

My parents' cup of joy was almost full when they gave their first daughter to God, but when the second, the loved little one of the family, followed her sister, it seemed that the cup would spill over.

The letters father wrote to me after I went to the convent were full of his ever-growing love of God. He thanks God that he has two daughters in the convent; he thanks God that he and mother are well; he thanks God that he has lived to raise his family; God is good, so good.

When finally he was stricken with cancer, he was ready, "if it is God's will." He constantly gazed at the picture of the Good Shepherd in his hospital room, and said over and over, "The Good Shepherd will come to get me." Finally, as his poor body wasted to a frame, his eyes dimmed and he could no longer see the picture.

In the heart-rending task of disposing of his few personal effects, we were surprised to find a rather large number of shoestrings still in wrappers. "Oh yes," my brother said, "he always bought them from the peddlers outside the shop. He said he felt it was only right that he who was so fortunate as to have a job should help those who had to sell shoestrings for a living."

That was father's entire worldly legacy: a bunch of shoestrings.

Connecticut Cuts the Traffic Toll

*If the other states followed the
Nutmeg State's lead, we could
save 10,000 lives next year*

LATE IN DECEMBER, 1955, I made one of the most important decisions of my life. It had been a bloody year on our Connecticut highways. Now it was the Christmas season, when men wish each other good health and long life—and December had been the worst month of all for traffic deaths. In that month 44 people in Connecticut had started out for a Christmas party or a family reunion and had ended up in the morgue.

I was puzzled, because people accepted these deaths as normal. If a little girl is clubbed to death on her way from school, it's front-page news in every city in the country. But, if that same little girl had been killed by a speeding car, the story wouldn't have made the papers anywhere but in her own town. Killing by automobile has become so common that it has lost its power to appall us.

I decided to do something about the situation, even though I knew I could never save all the lives that might be taken. Next morning I



called the state commissioner of police and the state commissioner of motor vehicles to my office. "What," I asked them, "is the one greatest cause of fatal automobile accidents?"

"Speed," they answered together.

If speed was our killer, the next question was: how could we get people to slow down? Safety experts have tried just about everything. They've tried to slow people down with drama. In New Mexico on the Labor day week end, police stopped all drivers and handed them

*Carnegie Bldg., 345 E. 46th St., New York City 17. June, 1957. © 1957 by Guideposts Associates, Inc., Carmel, N.Y., and reprinted with permission.

this bulletin: "Wanted! Armed murderer. Be on the lookout for this person. He is armed with 210-260 HP and is dangerous. Crime: exceeding New Mexico speed limit. May be hiding behind your own wheel!"

They've tried to slow people down by instilling fear in them. In New Jersey, on busy week ends, waiting ambulances are parked conspicuously on all major roads.

They've even tried to slow drivers down with humor. Outside a western town a sign reads: "In this state last year, 4,029 people died of gas. Two inhaled it, 27 put a match to it, 4,000 stepped on it."

Such gimmicks are eye-catching, they make good table talk, but they don't seem to make a dent in the death rate. We tried to figure out why this was so. I think we found the answer. It is simply that most people just can't imagine death happening to *them*. They've read the statistics, but they do not believe they will ever be included in those statistics.

If such methods didn't work, what method would? Somehow, we had to slow people down if we were going to save that life we had set out to save.

Then, we got an idea. If people can't think concretely about death, how about slowing them down with a threat that would really strike home? How about telling the driver that speeding will cost him, not his life, but his driver's license?

It was a new idea, and politically risky. I talked it over with my wife before I decided. "I'd like to save one life," I told her. "If I never hold another political office again, but save that life, I think it will be worth it." She did, too. I decided to try my idea for exactly one year.

Two days before Christmas, 1955, I announced to the people of Connecticut that anyone convicted of speeding would have his license suspended. Suspension would start with the very first offense: 30 days for the first conviction, 60 for the second, indefinitely for the third. And I made it clear that enforcement was going to be strictly "no-fix."

We posted enormous signs on every major highway leading into Connecticut: "Don't Speed. Conviction Means Loss of License."

Overnight, a cry of outrage went up. My advisors were horrified. They told me that I had committed political suicide. Maybe I had. During the first month of the drive, I refused to "take care of" a suspension for one of the political bigwigs in my own party, a man I've worked with for years. He paused as he was leaving my office, and said, "I'll never vote for you again as long as I live!"

One of my oldest personal friends lost his license. His wife had to drive him to work for a month. He doesn't speak to me now when we meet on the street.

But automobiles in our state were moving slower. A few days after the campaign started, the police commissioner went for a 50-mile drive in an unmarked car. He drove right at the speed limit; he passed many cars. Four cars passed him. A month earlier, he would have been passed by every car on the road.

And as the test year entered its second month, along with angry letters, we began to get letters from people who liked the new ruling. One was from a widow whose husband was killed in an automobile accident the day before the program started.

"Don't relax the campaign," she wrote, "even though it came one day too late for us. I have an answer for those who speak of the 'unbearable hardship' that a suspension imposes. The violent way my husband died and the pain he suffered was 'unbearable.' I also find it 'hard' to make a living without my husband. My two boys and I didn't get a 30-day suspension. Ours is a lifetime sentence."

As the year went on, I had more letters from people who liked the program. Most were from women. One mother came up to me at a dinner party to shake my hand because her 18-year-old son had had his license suspended for speeding. And one of my chief political rivals told me ruefully that his own wife is now my most enthusiastic supporter.

"My job takes me all over the state," he said. "I used to drive 80 miles an hour. I'd get home late, and poor Mary would be waiting up for me. She couldn't sleep until she heard my key turn in the lock. Now she knows I'm driving at the legal limit, and she's getting enough sleep for the first time in years."

One especially heartening source of support developed toward the end of 1956. In October, a group of 22 ministers, priests, and rabbis in Greenwich launched a month-long churches' Crusade for Safety based on the clear words of the 5th Commandment.

At the end of the year we had suspended 10,346 licenses for speeding. Had we saved any lives?

In 1956 the traffic death rate for the nation rose 5% over 1955. In Connecticut 50,000 more vehicles were registered in 1956 than in 1955. There were 95,000 more operator's licenses issued and 390 million more miles driven on our roads. But the death rate in Connecticut dropped 11.7%.

In terms of human life, this means that 38 persons are alive today who statistically were "supposed" to be dead.

But other statistics are even more startling than these. Safety experts who have studied the Connecticut program assure me that if every state were to adopt a similar program, the U.S. would save, next year, a minimum of 10,000 lives!

The Four Talents of Gisele MacKenzie

The 'Hit Parade' songstress gets her American citizenship and her own show in the same year

SHORTLY AFTER the birth of her third child, the wife of Dr. George La Fleche of Winnipeg, Man., Canada, leafed through an old French lives of the saints. Her infant daughter was to be baptized next day; she was looking for a pretty name for the little girl. Finally, Mrs. La Fleche decided happily upon the melodious name of little-known St. Gisele.

The baby so named now has grown to be a beautifully talented young lady, well known to American TV audiences as Gisele MacKenzie. Of her patron she says smilingly, "With a name like that, it's a wonder she ever got into the book of the saints."

At 9 P.M. on Saturday, Sept. 28, Gisele stepped before the NBC-TV cameras in Hollywood to become the most important new "live"

star of the fall TV season. She launched her own half-hour variety series, *The Gisele MacKenzie Show*. Some time ago a veteran producer said to me, "How can it miss? How many girls do you know who can do comedy, act in straight roles, play instruments, dance, sing—and do all these things well?"

Marie Marguerite Louis Gisele La Fleche was born Jan. 10, 1927, into a Catholic Canadian family whose lineage is, as she likes to pun, "four-fifths French and a fifth of



Scotch." The La Fleches have always lived just a block or so from Sacred Heart church, the only French-Canadian parish church in Winnipeg. As long as Gisele can remember, the Oblate priests have been friends of her father and his family.

Gisele was educated in the parish school, L'école du Sacre Coeur (Gisele still calls it by its French name). The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary who instructed her were strict, but pleasant and loving. "One Sister who taught me is still there," Gisele told me, "Sister Elizabeth of the Angels. I saw her on my last trip to Canada, and she's still the same. She taught my sisters and me and my younger brother, and now she's teaching some of my nephews and nieces; but she doesn't look a day older now than when I was in school."

What was Gisele like as a youngster? "Well," she says, "you'd never think it to look at me now, perhaps (nowadays, I make a lot of noise), but as a little girl I was quiet and prim. All through childhood, discipline was an important part of my background."

Gisele was brought up bilingual, and occasionally today, when you are talking with her informally, you notice that a word will come to her more readily in French than in English.

"Father insisted we speak only French at home," Gisele says, "and to this day, I can't recall ever speak-

ing to father in English. We still use French exclusively when we write or telephone each other."

As a child, Gisele hoped to be a doctor, but her dad was adamant in his opinion that his profession was "not for a girl." Besides, he and her mother had decided early that she would be "a great musician." At the age of three, Gisele started piano lessons with her mother, who was well known in Canada by her maiden name, Marietta Manseau, as an accomplished concert pianist. For many years, Mrs. La Fleche directed the Sacred Heart choir. She is still organist.

At the age of seven, Gisele started violin lessons. Her sisters, Hugette (now married, with three children) and Janine (also married, with two youngsters) both play the piano and sing. The older of her two brothers, George Edward, 21, is an announcer for CKMI-TV in Quebec. He plays the cello. Her younger brother, Jacques, 14, plays the flute. And, to round out the family orchestra, her father plays the violin "vaguely," Gisele says. "Whenever I get home," she adds with a grin, "we all get together and have a crazy family jam session."

After she finished the 10th grade at Sacred Heart, Gisele was sent to the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto. She was only 14, and was away from home for the first time. She felt "like an orphan, so lonely that I didn't unpack my trunk for days." This mood soon

passed, however, and Gisele continued at the conservatory for five years, the last two on a scholarship in the graduate school.

During this period she blossomed into a jolly teen-ager. Too jolly, perhaps; more than one teacher told her that she laughed too much and would have to develop a more serious attitude if she expected to become a concert violinist.

Gisele is blessed with the rare vocal gift of perfect pitch. In Toronto she gave it plenty of exercise. She sang as often outside the conservatory as her studies permitted, frequently with the choir at St. Basil's, the church she regularly attended, and often, too, with the mixed choir of St. Michael's cathedral. St. Michael's is a famous music center. There, Msgr. John E. Ronan conducted the choir school which a short while later was to give American popular music a brace of top quartets, the Four Lads and the Crew Cuts.

The 2nd World War was then raging, and demands were frequent for the pretty and talented Gisele to entertain at army camps and navy canteens. When she was with a group from the conservatory, she would feature the new \$3,000 Cerrutti violin her parents had given her; with others she simply played the piano and sang. Father John Gallagher, a Canadian Air Force chaplain, was one of those who often asked her to appear at service canteens.

At one of Father Gallagher's parties for servicemen, Gisele was at the piano, singing, when she suddenly became aware that a young Canadian navy lieutenant was standing beside her, showing intense interest in her performance. His name, it turned out, was Bob Shuttleworth. He had just returned from overseas, and was due to return soon to civilian life and the music business.

"I told him my name," Gisele recalls, "and he remarked on how unusual it was. I told him that people called me everything from Chisel to Sea Shells. But when I informed him that I was primarily a violinist, he told me what I was beginning to suspect, that girls never make much money playing the fiddle. After that night, I didn't see him until the following summer."

"By that time," Bob says, "I was out of the navy and putting together an orchestra at the Glenmount hotel, on the Lake of Bays, a vacation resort spot in northern Ontario. We needed somebody who could sing and play the piano. The hotel manager told me that he had a letter from a girl in Toronto who was looking for summer work. He said her name was Gizzell. There was only one name like that; right away I knew it was the girl I'd heard at the service party. We hired her."

That fall, when Gisele returned to the conservatory, Shuttleworth became her personal manager, a

position he still holds. Gisele, in her last year of graduate school, became the most active student at the conservatory. Bob booked her for three 15-minute radio shows of her own every week over the Canadian Broadcasting Co. network. Two of them were called *Meet Gisele!* and the other, *London by Lamplight*. The 18-year-old was an instant success; under Bob's guidance she became Canada's First Lady of Song and was on her way to international fame.

In private life, however, the pressures of her dual life, as a student of classical music and a popular radio vocalist, began to take their toll. "I was beginning to do well as a singer," Gisele explains, "and I really liked it better. Looking to the future, I didn't want to have to play in a symphony and I didn't want to become a violin teacher. Bob told me to face facts and do what I wanted to do. But I had studied the fiddle since I was seven, my parents had invested all that money in me, and I thought it would be a shame to let them down."

The result was that Gisele became run down physically. She developed a series of boils which plagued her for three or four months. "You're all mixed up," her doctor told her. "Do one thing or the other, or you'll ruin your health completely!"

Spring rolled around and with it the conclusion of her schooling. As a graduate student, she would have

put on a special graduation recital. "I never gave it," Gisele says, regretfully. "My arm was in a sling, swollen with boils."

The incident which finally resolved Gisele's dilemma was a costly one. One evening she left her violin in a locked car. A sneak thief broke in and stole it. "My valuable fiddle was never recovered," Gisele says, "but that decided me. I did what I secretly had been wanting to do. I devoted my full time to singing. And I've never regretted it."

Shortly afterward, two U. S. advertising executives got in touch with her by long-distance telephone. They had been listening to the radio one evening while doing some hard driving across Canada, had sat entranced through *Meet Gisele!* and now hoped to sign her up. In no time, the comely Canadienne was in Hollywood, reporting for work on Bob Crosby's popular *Club 15* radio show.

At this point, Gisele changed her name. "It happened the first day I met Bob Crosby, his band, and the producers in the studio," she recalls. "They had heard that in Canada I was known simply as Gisele. One of them asked what my full name was, and I told them Gisele La Fleche. It panicked them. They howled with laughter. They thought it sounded like a burlesque queen's name, like 'Fluffy La Flame,' or something of that sort. By the time the hysteria had died down, I knew I'd better change it. I decided on

MacKenzie, my father's middle name, the maiden name of his mother. When they heard about the change, some of the La Fleches weren't happy, but grandmother was deeply pleased."

After a successful run on the *Club 15* show, Gisele accompanied Bob Crosby's band on a night-club engagement in Las Vegas. She was singing there one evening when Jack Benny happened in, was impressed by her performance, and hired her on the spot to perform with him in a series of stage shows.

It was Benny who later recommended her to the producers of *Your Hit Parade*. Before that happened, however, Gisele guest-starred on TV with Eddie Fisher and filled an engagement as featured singer on the Mario Lanza radio series.

After two and a half years with Bob Crosby and occasional guest appearances with Percy Faith, Morton Downey, and Edgar Bergen, Gisele was signed for *Your Hit Parade*. After seeing herself in kinescope film, she changed her hair-do, eliminating what she called "a long, swooshing bob." Then she went on a diet and took off about 35 pounds, reducing from a size 16 to a size 10. She now maintains her weight at 120 pounds, ideal for her five-feet, seven-inch height, by the expedient of eating only two meals a day.

Gisele joined *Your Hit Parade* on Sept. 19, 1953. She appeared on the show regularly for four years, until

last June, and loved it. "It was like being with a stock company," she says. "You learned so much so quickly."

Her tenure was not without alarming incident, however. Just before she was to do her second show, Gisele, who had never had a serious illness before, was rushed to the hospital with a bursting "red-hot appendix."

"I kept asking to do the program with ice packs," she recalls, "but they kept overruling me. Oh, how mad I was—my second show!"

Other mishaps connected with *Your Hit Parade* had a less dangerous aspect. No cue cards or teleprompters were used, and every once in a while Gisele would forget the lyrics of a song that had been on the hit lists for too many weeks. When that happened, she usually ad-libbed in perfect rhythm a new (and sometimes startling) set of words.

On more than one occasion she improvised a comedy dance routine that happily turned out to be better than the rehearsed business. Persons connected with the program, particularly choreographer Tony Charmoli, were surprised to learn that before *Your Hit Parade*, Gisele never had danced professionally.

During one of the song sketches, a nervous hound dog, leashed to a prop log, whipped it out from under Gisele just as she started to sit on it. Sprawled on the stage of the Center theater, the singer remained

poised and pleasant, ignored the conclusion of the song, and joined in the laughter. Another time, when a trick cake on the show deflated too soon, Gisele switched a few words of her song, pretended the cake was a pie, and carried on.

The worst on-stage debacle Gisele can recall, however, happened when she and Snooky Lanson were doing *This Old House*. Everything went wrong. Her wig came off. Snooky's rocking chair broke. The rain became a deluge instead of a drizzle. The bed fell. The walls came apart at the seams. And then the roof of the set caved in on top of the still-bravely-singing duet. "No house can be *that* old!" remarked Snooky, as they emerged from the debris, soaking wet.

Gisele has sung with the Denver symphony, played the Ethel Merman role in *Annie Get Your Gun* in summer stock, turned in fine straight acting jobs on TV dramatic shows like *Kraft Playhouse* and *Justice*, and wowed night-club audiences from Boston to Las Vegas. When she again guested on Jack Benny's TV show in the spring of 1955, the *New York Times* called her "nothing short of sensational." *Look* magazine reported that "she filled the screen with charm. Her comedy almost stole the show from the artful old master." *Newsweek* labeled her The Girl Who Can Do Anything.

Even though Gisele had made up her mind to undertake her own TV

show nearly two years ago, she did not rush haphazardly into it. Instead, she decided to finish out her *Hit Parade* contract, then accept Jack Benny's offer to have his own firm, J. and M. Productions, produce *The Gisele MacKenzie Show*, under Jack's direction.

Now in Hollywood for her video series, Gisele plans soon to have "a little California house with a patio garden. I love to tend flowers and water the lawn." However, she is not going to give up her cozy four-room apartment with two baths and terrace in Central Park South in New York City.

Gisele loves to relax by watching television, cooking for a few close friends, experimenting with perfume mixtures, or reading a good mystery novel. As a hobby, she collects natural fresh-water pearls.

In her pink kitchen, Gisele meets the French test for a good chef: she can make a dandy soufflé. But she likes to cook everything, and especially prides herself on her meat and vegetable dishes.

Except for occasional short visits by good friends or relatives from Canada, Gisele has lived alone for the last ten years. "She has a girl come in every day 'to tidy up the house,' but she prefers not to have a roommate, secretary, or companion. 'I like to have real privacy every day,' she says. 'Otherwise, I can't straighten myself out. I like at least one quiet hour daily to find peace of mind and soul.'"

At such times, Gisele occasionally writes letters to her father's sister and brother, who are in Religious life. Her aunt, Sister Mary Edward, of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, teaches music at St. Pierre Jolys, about 25 miles outside of Winnipeg.

Her uncle, Father Edward La Fleche, is a Jesuit missionary in China. "My uncle was tortured by both the Japanese and the Chinese," says Gisele. "But even after the war, when he had the chance to return, he wouldn't come home. I last saw him when I was a child. Then he had a broad, French-Canadian face. Now, in his pictures, he appears emaciated. He dresses like an Oriental, and he has a white goatee. He looks like a Chinese sage."

In one of his recent letters from Formosa, Father La Fleche complained of the havoc wrought on vestments by termites and moths. By return mail, his niece sent him back dozens of zippered American plastic clothes bags, now much treasured by the Jesuits of Taipei.

Last April 1, Gisele became a U. S. citizen, "six years to the day from the time I crossed the border." She had anticipated an objection from her father, but "when I told him how I felt—that because this country had been so good to me, it was the least I could do—he surprised me by saying calmly, 'You know, you're right!'"

At the age of 30, Gisele is in no particular hurry to marry. This fact

is quite frustrating to a number of American males who admire her, keep her mail heavy with romantic letters, and often try to crash NBC rehearsal halls to meet her.

Gisele declares, "I can wait. A couple of times I nearly got married, but it wasn't right, and I'm glad I didn't. Some mothers develop in their daughters a dreadful desire to grab a man. My mother did the opposite: she instilled in me the idea of *not* rushing into marriage. I have nothing against matrimony, but the single state can be blessed, too, you know.

"I believe in being realistic. I have a career and enjoy it. I don't want to give it up and then feel frustrated later. So, I'm not *looking* to get married."

"If you were to wed," I asked, "what type of fellow would you consider?"

"Well," she replied, "when and if I do marry, it will be to someone who has my religious convictions. He'll have, too, I hope, a sense of humor, ability, and good health. He'll be understanding, and he'll let me do my work. Quite a lot to ask for, isn't it? But when I marry, it won't be just something to try out for a while. It will be for real!"

As Dan Lounsberry, producer of *Your Hit Parade*, who worked closely with Gisele for four years, says, "Gisele is almost unbelievable. She's a beautiful, talented, quadruple-threat star and still a sweet, natural, unspoiled Canadian girl."

By Vance Packard
Condensed from *"The Hidden Persuaders"**

Hypnosis in the Supermarket

How often are you moved by hidden persuaders?

THE RECENT DuPont Co. survey of the shopping habits of American housewives in the supermarkets has excited merchants. Hundreds of leading food companies and advertising agencies have requested copies of the report. Husbands fretting over the high cost of feeding their families would find the results of the survey exciting, too, in a dismaying sort of way.

The report opens in bold type: "Today's shopper in the supermarket is more and more guided by the buying philosophy: 'If somehow your product catches my eye—and for some reason it looks especially good—I want it.'" That conclusion was based on studying the shopping habits of 5,338 shoppers in 250 supermarkets.

DuPont's investigators have found that of the mid-century shoppers less than one in five has a complete list of what she wants to buy. But still the wives always manage to fill up their carts, often while exclaiming, according to DuPont, "I certainly never intended to get that much!"



Why doesn't the wife need a list? DuPont gives this blunt answer: "Because 70% of today's purchases are decided in the store, where the shoppers buy on impulse." DuPont notes that this rise in impulse buying has coincided with the growth in self-service shopping.

Other studies show that in grocery stores where there are clerks to wait on customers, there is about half as much impulse buying as in self-service stores. If a wife has to face a clerk she thinks out beforehand what she needs.

James Vicary, a specialist in the

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effects of words used in ads, titles, and trade-marks, suspected a special psychology at work in the women buying in supermarkets. Perhaps they underwent an increase in tension when confronted with so many possibilities that they were forced into making quick purchases. He set out to discover if this was true.

He used a hidden motion-picture camera to photograph the eye-blink rates of the women as they shopped. How fast a person blinks his eyes is a pretty good index of his state of inner tension. The average person, according to Mr. Vicary, normally blinks his eyes about 32 times a minute. If he is tense, he blinks them more frequently, under extreme tension up to 50 or 60 times a minute. If he is notably relaxed, on the other hand, his eye-blink rate may drop to a subnormal 20 or less.

Mr. Vicary set up his cameras and started following the ladies as they entered the store. The results were startling, even to him. Their eye-blink rate, instead of going up to indicate mounting tension, went down and down, to a very subnormal 14 blinks a minute. The ladies fell into what Mr. Vicary calls a hypnoidal trance, the first stage of hypnosis. Products that in former years would have been items that only kings and queens could afford were here in this fairyland for everyone.

Many of the women passed by neighbors and old friends without noticing them. Some had a glassy

stare. They were so entranced as they wandered about the store picking things off shelves at random that they would bump into boxes without seeing them and did not even notice the camera 18 inches from their faces.

When the wives had filled their carts (or satisfied themselves) and started toward the check-out counter their eye-blink rate would start rising to a slightly subnormal 25 blinks a minute. Then, at the sound of the cash-register bell and the voice of the clerk asking for money, the eye-blink rate would race up past normal to a high abnormal of 45 blinks a minute. In many cases, it turned out that the women did not have enough money to pay for all the nice things they had put in the carts.

In the field of impulse buying, psychologists have teamed up with merchandising experts to persuade the wife to buy products she may not particularly need or even want until she happens to see them invitingly presented. The 60 million American women who go into supermarkets every week are getting "help" in their purchases and "splurchases" from psychologists and psychiatrists hired by the food merchandisers.

On May 18, 1956, the *New York Times* printed a remarkable interview with a young man named Gerald Stahl, executive vice president of the Package Designers council. He stated, "Psychiatrists say that

Food mixes, particularly cake mixes, have recently been deeply involved in the psychological problem of feminine creativity. The new products encountered much more resistance than the makers ever thought possible. Fear on the part of women that the use of ready mixes was a sign of poor housekeeping was responsible, so the social psychologists said.

"Do not add milk, just add water," was the instruction on boxes of cake mix when they first went on the market. But many wives insisted on adding milk and sometimes eggs. When the cakes or muffins came out flat and rock-hard, housewives blamed the mix. Sales dropped. Then, a psychiatrist advised the manufacturer to make the housewife a partner, leave out the powdered eggs and milk, and tell her in bold print: "You Add Fresh Eggs and Milk." The advice worked. Mixes became best sellers.

people have so much to choose from that they want help. You have to have a carton that attracts and hypnotizes a woman, like a flashlight waving in front of her eyes."

Mr. Stahl has found that it takes the average woman exactly 20 seconds to cover an aisle in a supermarket if she doesn't tarry. A good package design must make her stop. Some colors such as red and yellow

are helpful in creating required hypnotic effects. Just putting the name and maker of the product on the box is old-fashioned, and, he says, has absolutely no effect on the mid-century woman. She can't read anything, really, until she has picked up the box. To make the woman reach for the package, designers are using "symbols that have a dream-like quality," mouth-watering frosted cakes that decorate the packages of cake mixes, sizzling steaks, mushrooms frying in butter. By 1956, package designers had even produced a box that when picked up would give a soft sales talk or stress the brand name. The talk is on a strip that starts broadcasting when a shopper's fingers rub it.

The package people understandably think that it is the package that makes or breaks the impulse sale, and objective experts agree. A buyer for a food chain told of his experience in watching women shopping. The typical shopper, he found, "picks up one, two, or three items, she puts them back on the shelf, then she picks up one and keeps it. I ask her why she keeps it. She says, 'I like the package.'"

According to some psychologists a woman's eye is most quickly attracted to items wrapped in red; a man's eye to items wrapped in blue. Students in this field have speculated on women's high vulnerability to red. One package designer, Frank Gianninoto, has concluded that a majority of women shoppers leave

their glasses at home or will never wear glasses in public if they can avoid it. Therefore, a package to be successful must stand out "from the blurred confusion."

Other merchandisers have concluded that in the supermarket jungle the all-important fact in impulse buying is shelf position. Many sharp merchandisers see to it that their "splurge" items (on which their profit margin is highest) tend to be at eye level.

Most of the modern supermarkets are laid out in a carefully calculated manner so that the high-profit impulse items will be most surely noticed. In many stores they are on the first or only aisle the shopper can enter.

An Indiana supermarket operator once sold a half ton of cheese in a few hours. He did it by getting an enormous half-ton wheel of cheese and inviting customers to nibble slivers and cut off their own chunks for purchase. They could have their chunk free if they could guess its weight within an ounce. The mere massiveness of the cheese, he believes, was a powerful influence in making the sales.

"People like to see a lot of merchandise," he explained. "When there are only three or four cans of an item on a shelf, they just won't move." People don't want the last package. A test by the *Progressive Grocer* showed that customers buy 22% more if the shelves are kept full. The urge to conformity, it

seems, is profound with many of us.

People also are stimulated to be impulsive, evidently, if they are offered a little extravagance. A California supermarket found that putting a pat of butter on top of each of its better steaks caused sales to rise 15%. Jewel Tea set up "splurge counters" in many of its supermarkets after it was found that women in a just-for-the-heck-of-it mood will spend just as freely on food delicacies as they will on a new hat. When the Coca-Cola Co. offered customers free drinks, about 80% accepted the Cokes and spent, on an average, \$2.44 more than the store's average customer had been spending.

Apparently the only people who are more prone than housewives to splurging in a supermarket are the wives' husbands and children. Supermarket operators are pretty well agreed that men are easy marks for all sorts of impulse items. They cite cases where they've seen husbands sent to the store for a loaf of bread depart with their arms loaded with favorite snack items.

Shrewd supermarket operators have also put the impulsiveness of little children to work in promoting sales. The Indiana supermarket operator I mentioned has a dozen little wire carts that small children can push about the store while their mothers are shopping with big carts. Parents think that these tiny carts are very cute; operators think they are very profitable.

The small children go zipping up and down the aisles imitating their mothers in impulse buying, only more so. They reach out hypnotically to grab boxes of cookies, candies, and dog food. Complications arise, of course, when mother and child come out of their trances and reach the check-out counter.

The store operator related what happens. "There is usually a wrangle when the mother sees all the things the child has in his basket, and she tries to make him take the stuff back. The child will take back items he doesn't particularly care about, such as coffee, but will usually bawl and kick before surrendering cookies, candy, ice cream, or soft drinks. These items stay in the basket."

All these factors of sly persuasion may account for the fact that whereas in past years the average American family spent about 23% of its income for food, it now spends nearly 30%. The Indiana operator estimates that any supermarket shopper

could, by showing a little old-fashioned common sense, save 25% easily on her family's food costs.

The exploration of impulse buying on a systematic basis began spreading in the mid-50's to many other kinds of products not available in food stores. Liquor stores began organizing racks so that women could browse and pick up impulse items. This idea was pioneered on New York's own "ad alley," Madison Ave., and spread to other parts of the country. Department and specialty stores started having counters simply labeled, "Why Not?" to promote the carefree, impulsive purchasing of new items most people had never tried before.

One store merchandiser seems to have summed up the attitude of psychologists and psychiatrists who work with advertising firms in their attempt to get Americans to buy more and more. He said, "Just give people an excuse to try what you are selling and you'll make an extra sale."



ONE MAN'S CASTLE

Smith had bought a house in a newly developed suburb. All went well until winter set in; then the flaws began to appear. Smith, irate, summoned the builder and recited his woes.

"I can't imagine why anything should go wrong," said the contractor soothingly. "This is no cheap-jack construction; it's the good old-fashioned kind. You don't like the house; you've made that clear. But could you make one specific complaint?"

"A very simple one," retorted Smith. "We put the cat in the basement at night and let her out of the attic in the morning."

American Mercury (July '57).

I Visit the Holy Father

And have no trouble finding things to talk about

THE DAY I had a chat with the Holy Father, he even recognized the name of my home town. And to think that my visit came about only through the good offices of a chance acquaintance, a seminarian I met in St. Peter's square! His name was Leonard. To this day his interest in me baffles me, but the fact is that he spoke to me as we both stood watching an artist painting in the square. After a bit of conversation, he discovered my desire to meet His Holiness, and suggested that I get an audience.

We went to the North American college, where audiences are applied for. We entered a small office. A woman was at a desk, talking on the telephone. When she finished, Leonard said, "*Buon giorno, signora;*" and in English, he introduced me and explained that I wanted an audience with the Holy Father. Up to that time, I didn't know whether I was the victim of the joke of the week or not. I was ill at ease, and imagined the lady was about to say, "Well, would you like to go to the Vatican? Or shall I ask His Holiness to drop by your hotel sometime this evening?"



But the gracious lady had nothing sarcastic in mind. Instead, she reached for paper and pencil and began asking some questions: my name and address, city and state, and so on. After I supplied the information, she smiled, and asked what day would suit me best.

"Any day at all," I replied (is she kidding?), "any day at all will suit me fine."

"We'll make it for Friday of this week then. Try to remain in your hotel Thursday evening after dinner. If the invitation is extended, that's when the messenger will come."

"Messenger?" I asked.

"Yes; all invitations are delivered by special messenger. They aren't sent through the post office at all."

If it was a joke, Leonard was being very straight-faced about it. He thanked the lady, I thanked the lady, and we left. In the courtyard, I said, "Come clean now. If this is some sort of joke. . . ." But Leonard assured me it was all on the level. "If the Holy Father is receiving people on Friday," he said, "you will probably be among them."

I didn't see very much of Rome in the few days that followed. All I could think of was Thursday evening, and the messenger's arrival. Would he be a Swiss Guard? Should I tip him? Surely you don't tip! You thank him, that's what. And if he bows, you must bow.

On Wednesday I began to wonder what to wear for the great occasion. I decided on the blue suit. That would do fine: the blue suit, white shirt, bow tie. Dignified and nice. I laid out the good blue to have a look at it. Yipe! I had forgotten that I got caught in the rain in the blue suit. The pants at least would have to be pressed. But where—in one day?

But then I remembered that Ricca, the chambermaid, pressed clothes. So I summoned her and gave her the trousers, threatening to cut off her chocolate supply if she should fail me at the hour of need. Worries began to mount: Would the messenger really come? Would Ricca come through?

Came Thursday. I passed the better part of it walking, and reading in parks and gardens. I rehearsed what I would say to the Holy Father.

After an early dinner in a sixtable restaurant, I returned to the *pensione* to be on hand when the messenger came. But when I got back, the messenger had already called. The manager was waiting for me, holding in his hand an en-

PIUS AND THE SKELTONS

Comedian Red Skelton came from an audience with Pope Pius XII commenting, "It was the most moving thing I've ever done in my life.

"It was the cleanest feeling I've ever had. It was like walking into a room full of flowers."

The Pope revised his schedule July 21 to receive the comedian, his wife Georgia, and their 11-year-old daughter Valentina and nine-year-old son Richard. The Skeltons were showing the wonders of the world to Richard, dying of leukemia.

The Pope met them in his office, and sat Richard on his left, behind the mahogany desk where he receives kings, cardinals, and statesmen. On his right he sat Valentina. He did not mention Richard's illness, but he told the children that "life is eternal because of God."

AP (22 July '57).

velope bearing the seal of Vatican City. I could read enough Italian to know that I actually had been invited; that the following morning, Pope Pius XII was going to receive me in "special audience."

Everyone in the *pensione* congratulated me on my good fortune. They seemed to suspect that I was an ambassador incognito. I was the celebrity of the house; but I wore my crown with a becoming modesty. And suddenly I remembered the blue trousers! I raced up the stairs to find Ricca. I called her name and heard her answer, "*Ecco . . . here I am.*" She appeared at the end of the corridor.

"My pants, Ricca. Are they finished?"

"*Sì . . . subito!* I'll get them right away." She returned 15 minutes later, all smiles, the trousers over her arm. My worries were over . . . all but one: the audience. Suppose I am the only one? What will I say? What can we talk about?

The audience was scheduled for nine o'clock. I slept soundly until the alarm went off at 7:30. I went out for breakfast.

How I hoped to meet someone I knew: Leonard, the seminarian; anyone. I wanted to be asked, "Where are *you* going, all dolled up?" I calculated how smoothly I should reply, "Oh, to meet the Pope." It would be just right: not too smug, just the right amount of elation. But the only person I could

have told it to was the waiter who brought me rolls and coffee. And he was so sleepy he wouldn't have understood even if he had heard me.

At 8:20 I was walking up the steps of the palace toward the famous bronze door. Inside, seated at a desk in the corridor, I found a Swiss Guard. I presented my invitation, which he examined and kept, unfortunately. It would have made a nice souvenir. Then he told me to ascend the stairs directly behind me; I would meet someone above who would direct me from there.

I mounted those wide, white stairs, thinking about the thousands and thousands who had preceded me, people of every class, every walk of life, rich and poor, famous and unknown. And I thought, too, "What a banister to slide down, wide and marble-smooth!" I was half-afraid to look up in case the Pope might be standing on the landing at the top.

Instead of His Holiness, I found a short, stout gentleman in a frock coat. I started to tell him that I had an audience, which, I suppose, was obvious. He interrupted, saying, "This way, please" in perfect English. I followed in perfect fright.

He led me into a large hall, at the end of which was a kind of throne chair, raised several feet above floor level. After the man took my hat, he invited me to be seated and left the room. I selected

a chair nearest the throne. The clock struck 8:30.

The clock ticked. I waited. Nothing happened. No one else came into the room. And then I began to grow uneasy. "Suppose I really *am* the only one." Before I reached the perspiring stage, frock coat entered again, followed by a middle-aged couple. He took the man's hat, and left; the couple sat down next to me.

The woman was extremely nervous. She kept turning her wedding ring around her finger; then opening and closing her purse. Each time she closed it, the snap was like the crack of a whip in that huge room. The clock ticked some more; and the lady turned to me and asked if I were waiting to see the Pope, too. I said I was.

"I know I'll faint," she said. "Do you suppose it will be just us three? Albert, straighten your tie, dear. What time is it, Albert? Do you have the time, young man? Are you an American, young man?" But before I could reply to her questions, she was after Albert again to straighten his tie.

I wanted to say, "Be calm, madam! Be calm or we'll all panic!"

Albert was certainly cool and unruffled; and until she began to pass her nervousness along to me, I was holding my own, too. One look at her would have convinced the casual observer that we were all three waiting to be vaccinated.

All at once I was aware that the

room was filling with other people, and I remembered the last thing Leonard told me. "If your audience takes place in St. Peter's," he said, "you can be sure you will be just one of thousands and thousands of people. That will be a general audience. But if you're lucky, you will be presented to the Holy Father in one of the Vatican antechambers, where there could be only about 50 people but there could also be 5,000." I had been scared at first that I might be received in audience alone, but my fright turned to resentment as the crowd poured in. My tête-à-tête was quickly turning into a mob scene.

The clock struck nine; and precisely at that hour, frock coat reappeared, and asked everyone to follow him, please. We filed into another room, which I was delighted to discover was much smaller than the first. It was square and unfurnished except for two straight-back chairs. At one end there was a bust of Pope St. Pius X.

I took a place at the far side of the room before an open door. From where I stood I could look down a long corridor that seemed to extend for a mile. I thought to myself, "He'll come this way, sure."

Before I could place a bet on it, there *he* was, walking swiftly toward me, looking very tall in his white cassock. As he came into the room he smiled at us all, and after a general "Good morning," he looked at me and asked if we were

all Americans. I said "Yes," although I was using only Albert and his wife as a gauge of the nationality of the crowd.

"And what is your name?" Pope Pius asked me.

"Peter Paul Walsh," I replied, not knowing why I included the middle name.

"And you are from the United States, eh?"

"Yes, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania."

"Oh, I know Pittsburgh. I was there one time. You are the Steel City. But what are you doing in Rome? You are a student?"

And then the honor of Pittsburgh crashed. I said, "Yes, Father" instead of "Your Holiness." I could have bitten off my tongue for the slip. But the Holy Father took no notice at all; and after another word or two he extended his hand. I observed the time-honored custom of kissing his episcopal ring; but when I think back on it, I might have rushed the ring kissing a bit. For in spite of my anxiety about what the Pope and I should talk about, it seemed we did rather well. We might even have chatted about other things.

When I took the Holy Father's hand his grip felt unusual; then I realized that he was discreetly "slipping" me something—so the others won't be envious, I thought. When he passed on to the next person, I opened my hand and found a small blue envelope with the Pope's coat

of arms impressed upon it. Inside the envelope I found a medal about the size of a quarter showing the Holy Family on one side and the Holy Father on the other. I learned later that this particular medal can be received only from the Pope himself. It is the only image that doesn't show him wearing glasses.

The Pope continued to move through the crowd, shaking hands, asking questions. And no doubt he slipped little envelopes to them, too.

Quite a few states were represented in our little group, mostly New England, but there were quite a few Californians as well. The Pope was particularly delighted when someone mentioned a city that he had visited as papal secretary of state. It was such a nice little reception, and the Holy Father appeared to be so happy with his American guests, that I began to wish he would ask us all to hang around for the rest of the morning: coffee and rolls and pleasant small talk about ordinary things. But 3,000 other people were waiting to see him; so after meeting everyone, His Holiness concluded the meeting with a few words and extended his blessing "to you and those dear to you at home."

Then, when he was about to take his leave, he turned toward us as if he had just got a bright idea.

"Shall we have a photograph taken as a souvenir of our meeting?" he asked. Of course, everyone said Yes in one way or another; and in

an instant, the photographer appeared. He stood on one of the two chairs to get us all into the picture. My heart sank; for I was standing directly under him. At that angle there would have been no more of me in the picture than there would have been of "those dear to me at home." But just before the picture was snapped, the Holy Father held up his hand.

"Wait a minute," he commanded. And turning toward us, he said, "Little ones up front!"

Never having been called a big lug, I assumed without hesitation that I came within the "little-ones" category. I walked across the room and took a place almost at the Pope's elbow. If my countrymen resented me, I never knew.

The picture was taken. Then the Holy Father said, "What is it you say: 'Just one more?'" And he

turned to the photographer and said, "Just one more."

Then it was over. The Pope left us to go to another reception. Frock coat came into the room, and announced that if anyone wished a picture he could order one before leaving the palace. When my turn came, I asked how much the picture would cost.

"Three hundred lire," the photographer said. (About 50¢.)

"Could I have two?" I asked timidly.

"Si!"

"Could I have maybe three?"

"Si, signore, as many as you like."

I ordered four. They were delivered to me later that day: four fine photographs of Pope Pius XII and Peter Paul Walsh, with 40-odd American tourists in the background.

Flights of Fancy

The wind's feet in the wheat.

Hamlin Garland

Teen-age talk is mostly idol gossip.

Clifford A. Corrigan

Brussels sprouts, the cabbages that never grow up.

E. M. Ewert

Stars that you can reach from your sleeping bag.

Natt N. Dodge

Rocker with a cat in its lap.

Mary Stolz

Afternoon dozing into dusk.

Jim Bishop

Looking as if he had dressed in a wind tunnel.

Ken Shanks

A poorly put-on smile.

John Patrick Gillese

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]



The Wonderful Age of Three

Living with a three-year-old is like living with a whole kindergarten

AT THE AGE OF THREE, one just lives. Three feels tired, so he lies down wherever he is; his legs feel like climbing, so he climbs—everything; he is suddenly angry, so he hits out and yells. Then it is over, and he goes on to the next thing.

Everything is interesting. Everything is fun to look at, feel, push, punch, pull, bang, take apart.

There are so many things Three has to find out. Exploring is trying things out, not one way, but many ways. Three can sit in a chair—but he can also stand on it, climb on it, roll off it, jump from it, and turn it over to make a house, bridge, cave.

Three has to explore sound. We are carrying on a perfectly normal conversation, and suddenly he goes *fortissimo*. We start to shout, "No, no!" But one look at Three holds us back. This is, to him, pure delight, and we can't bear to shut him off. Fortunately, this, like everything else, will not last long. We even change our expostulation to, "My, what a big noise!" He beams with delight, and next we find him whispering, and we whisper back: "Pass the butter"; "Please find your shoes"; "Time for rest." It becomes the very, very littlest sound that can possibly be made. Then it turns into a secret.

Three is without doubt the golden age of secrets. Anything and everything is more fun when it turns into a secret. A dozen times a day, Three comes tiptoeing over, finger to lips, with a sly smile: "I want to tell you a secret." Such wonderful sharing! There is only one problem, and that is hearing the secret. For he tells his secret not

by whispering into your ear, but by putting his ear to yours.

With sound, the exploration is never-ending. The wooden spoon, the tin pan, wood on wood, shoe on floor, rock on concrete, stick on pipe. The whole house vibrates, but it doesn't last long; it only seems to.

Singing has to be explored, too, and it is as simple as talking. "Where is your other shoe?" he is asked. Three replies, "I will sing it for you: it is on the chair, on the chair, on the chair."

The same is true of words. Three feels like talking, so Three talks—to the sand pail, blocks, himself. Words can say anything he wants them to say. Or they don't have to say anything. Three comes to the back door chanting, "Here is mud, mud, mud, mud." It's a wonderful word, *mud*. Firm, solid sound to hold on his tongue and wonderful stuff to feel on his hands and feet.

This is the year independence bursts into flower: "I can do it." Instead of getting ready 15 minutes before going somewhere, Three's parents start 30 minutes ahead of time—because Three wants to do it. Maybe you start tentatively to help with a button. Then Three is exasperated. Doing it himself is important, and when Three doesn't want help, he doesn't want help!

But the moment will come, and it is watched for, when the trying becomes too hard. Then this eager, positive three-year-old does need

help and praise and comfort. Three is so big and so little all at the same time. When he needs mother, he needs her very much.

Suddenly, the kitchen becomes too small, and mother wonders why. Then she realizes that it is because of the frequent presence of Three plus a chair which is pushed around the room to stand on. "What are you doing? Let me look. Let me stir, too." Of course, mother wants help. Maybe it takes twice as long and it isn't easy, but maybe these jobs are very important for a three-year-old to know about.

Mother and father fix up a playroom, a place for trucks, dolls, puzzles. If they have forgotten about three-year-olds, they think that is where toys will stay. Not so. Three is warm, friendly, and companionable. Three wants to play, not apart in the playroom, but near mother in the kitchen, near father in the living room.

Three-year-old humor! Maybe Three's parents get tired of the endless games and jokes, but they are so funny and satisfying at three. "Where is Timmy?" Under the table, in the closet, behind the door? "No, behind *me*." Mother hangs out the clothes, thinking of a dozen other tasks to be done next. But Three pleads, "Please play a game." So she hangs up father's shirt, and says, "Well, now, here is Mary's party dress." Funny, funny! "Let's sing to the truck, to the chair, to the fence."

This is without question the year that mother is most admired. All her skills are wonderful, and so appreciated! Three says, "Play the piano." Perhaps mother plays with one finger or two; it doesn't matter. Three loves it, whatever it is. Maybe she is good at reading, so good that Three wants the same story over and over and over. Maybe she invents a story, the simplest story going. Let's see now—"Mrs. Blue had a blue cat, Mrs. Gray had a gray cat" It is wonderful, and mother is a star performer.

This is the year that mother learns how to keep right on doing what she is doing and still be an appreciative audience when she hears the urgent "Watch me. Look, mommie, look."

Sometimes parents think they are living not with one three-year-old but with a whole kindergarten. There seems to be a variety of imaginary friends always along. Every now and then, they are reminded. They are going to start for the store; they get into the car, start the motor. Suddenly a wail rises from the back seat. A reproachful voice says, "You didn't wait for Kinky to get in."

So this is living with a three-year-old. It takes a lot of agility of mind and body. It takes quick

sympathy, quick understanding. With it all, the fun and warmth outweigh everything. Take loving. This is the year a mother receives more pure loving, more energetic affection, than any other time.

As a matter of fact, it is quite a trick to survive the onslaughts, for they are sudden and unexpected. She finds herself tackled about the legs at the most awkward moments and it requires a nice sense of balance to save both of them from ending in a heap. Innocently, she bends down in answer to "I want to hug you"—and finds herself bent double with 30 pounds of three-year-old hanging tightly around her neck.

Loving is very important. The car arrives to take the children to play school. Everyone waits while Three has two hugs and two kisses, then into the car. But no, he needs two more hugs and two more kisses. Everyone seems to understand.

Loving is very important this morning, so mom waits on the doorstep, thinking to catch the last wave as they drive around the corner. But she waits in vain. The heads in the back seat are close together, and Three does not look back. Home is behind, play is ahead, and there is much to talk about on the way.



The man who used to put a button in the church collection now puts in a nickel. He found out it's cheaper. Hal Chadwick.

By Arthur Daley
Condensed from "Extension"*

Yogi Berra of the Yankees

*He has an arm of steel
and a heart of gold*



LAURENCE PETER BERRA has the happy faculty of being at his best when the stakes are highest. The squat little New York Yankee catcher is invariably at his most dangerous in the late inning of a tense game or at any moment of the World Series.

A reluctant witness to this trait is pitcher Don Newcombe of the Dodgers. In the 2nd inning of the 2nd World-Series game last year, Berra came to bat with the bases full and gracefully hammered a Newcombe pitch over the fence for a grand-slam homer.

The angry pitcher stomped to the showers and then stomped out of Ebbets field. Blind with rage, he took a swing (or so it has been alleged) at a heckling parking-lot attendant. Not until the 7th and deciding game did Newk return to the firing line, still beset by doubt and self-recrimination.

With a runner on base Big Don poured everything he had past

Mickey Mantle and fanned baseball's leading batsman. Up stepped Berra. "Yogi hit the ball into Bedford Ave. for a two-run homer," wrote John Drebing in the *New York Times*, "and all parking-lot attendants in the neighborhood began to get apprehensive."

Newcombe was still a shaken man when he came to bat not long after. Had he been at fault? Was it a bad pitch he'd fed Berra? Here was a tormented man, one who could have been destroyed instantly by one unkind word. No one was in a better spot to utter that unkind word than Yogi as he crouched behind the plate.

"That was a real good pitch I hit, Newk," said Yogi comfortingly, "a real good pitch."

"Thanks, Yog," said Newcombe.

*1307 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, Ill. September, 1957. © 1957, and reprinted with permission.

But if Berra is soft of heart he is also strong of muscle. In the 3rd inning there was a man on base when Newcombe again exploded the ball past Mantle, striking him out. Up stepped Yogi. He hit another two-run homer into Bedford Ave., and Newcombe didn't linger long enough to find out if it was "a real good pitch." It didn't matter any more.

If Yogi didn't have such monumental good nature, it is doubtful that he ever would have survived his early days in the big leagues. The bench jockeys really gave it to him.

To describe Yogi as unhandsome is putting it mildly. Wide of shoulders, long of arms, short of neck, and blocky of legs, he was a prime target. The favorite gesture of derision was for an enemy player to clutch the top of the dugout with one hand and let his body swing while scratching himself with his free hand.

"Hey, Yogi, look," the needler would shout. "Do you still sleep in a tree?" Then would come the eerie cry of Tarzan summoning the apes.

Berra's homely features would crease into his winsome smile. "A guy don't hafta hit with his face."

Yogi threw Larry MacPhail into consternation when the then Yankee general manager saw him for the first time. During the war, Mel Ott, manager of the Giants, had visited MacPhail.

"I need some catching help,

Larry," said Master Melvin, "and I've been studying your minor-league rosters. You seem to be loaded with young catchers. The Giants will give you \$50,000 for a kid you have in Norfolk. His name is . . . uh—." He went through the motions of looking up the name. "His name is Berra," he said innocently.

"Berra?" exclaimed MacPhail. "I never even heard of him. I'll have to think it over." His nimble mind was working fast. "If Berra is worth \$50,000 to the Giants," MacPhail reasoned, "he must be worth it to the Yankees. I'm going to keep him."

One day, when ballplayers began to return after the war, MacPhail's secretary told him that a Mr. Berra was waiting outside.

"I was curious about Berra," MacPhail says, "and all I could think of was the 50 grand Ottie offered for him. In walked Yogi, and my heart sank. Here was a funny looking little guy in a sailor suit. My first thought was: did I turn down \$50,000 for this? Never in my life did I see anyone who looked less like a ballplayer."

Over the years, however, the Yankee esteem for the gargoyle in the sailor suit has skyrocketed. The Bombers made a great ceremony last winter of signing at the same high-powered press conference their star battery, Whitey Ford and Yogi. The Berra salary, it was let leak, would be \$58,000 for the 1957 season. Not long thereafter Mickey

Mantle was signed for a reported \$60,000.

Early this season I was standing by the Yankee batting cage when Ford, a prize ribber, went to work on Yogi. "Listen, Yog," he said. "I thought you and I signed contracts together. But I've been told that the front office brought you back and slipped you another \$2,500. Is there any truth in it?"

"Huh?" said Yogi, conveniently dumb. He never answered.

It developed that the Yankees just couldn't bear the thought of any other player getting more money than their willing workhorse. So they gave Yogi just enough more to top Mantle.

Much happened between those two front-office episodes. Yogi's first full season with the Bronx Bombers was under Bucky Harris in 1947. Bucky didn't know exactly what to do with him. Yogi was a clumsy catcher. He wasn't much of an outfielder, either. Harris tried him in both places because he could see from the very start that Yogi was a natural hitter.

Yet he was an impatient hitter, one who refused to wait for bases on balls but swung wildly at anything. He was and still is what the trade labels "a bad-ball hitter." However, Yogi came by that naturally. His first idol was Joe Medwick of the St. Louis Cardinals, the best bad-ball hitter in the big leagues. He could make home runs out of wild pitches.

There was little serenity to Yogi's first year with the Yankees. The patient Bucky tried earnestly to curb his tendency to swing at bad balls. "Think when you go to bat, Yogi," he exhorted. "Think, think, think."

"How can a guy think and hit at the same time?" Yogi asked.

It was in the 1947 World Series against the Dodgers that Harris started Yogi as a catcher. The Brooks ran wild on the bases, stealing everything but Yogi's chest protector. Bucky shifted him to the outfield.

The next year a strange thing happened to Mr. Berra. He fell in love. Here was a young man who had never even looked at girls. He read comic books, or else he and Phil Rizzuto raced for the nearest cowboy movie.

Yogi fell hard and he fell fast for Carmen Short. They were married in St. Andrew's Catholic church in January, 1949, a few months after their first meeting. Off went the newlyweds to St. Petersburg for a honeymoon, and it was there that Yogi learned the depth of true love.

Driving to the ball park one day, he reached into the glove compartment and looked up too late. He had drifted off the road into a palm tree. It wasn't a serious accident.

"Gee," said Yogi to his teammates the next day, "Carmen was more excited about what happened to me than what happened to the car. Gee!"

That was the year Yogi met his new manager, Casey Stengel. That also was the spring when he was given as his personal teacher Coach Bill Dickey, the greatest of Yankee catchers.

"He's yours," said Ol' Case to his new lieutenant. "It's up to you to make a catcher out of Berra."

Dickey made the swift discovery that Yogi's troubles came from his feet. He had been catching as if he had two left feet, always out of position. Yet Dickey never had a more apt pupil.

"Bill is learnin' me his experience," said Yogi, a remark which has become a baseball classic.

Yogi has an artful way of turning a phrase, one that produces many classics. The first time he returned to his home town, St. Louis, as a married man, one of the neighbors joshed him about wedding a girl of German descent instead of a *signorina*. He asked Yogi if he thought it was fair.

"They had their chance," said Yogi thoughtfully.

The most famous Yogism, perhaps, came in St. Louis on the occasion of Yogi Berra night. The solid little guy has no gift for words to start with. The sight of thousands of his friends and neighbors paying him tribute made him freeze.

Yogi grabbed the microphone. He stuttered and stammered. Finally one magnificent sentence emerged.

"I wanna thank you for making

this night *necessary*," he declared.

It's only under the strongest compulsion that Yogi ever will consent to make a speech. His speeches usually are the shortest on record and his traveling companion, Jackie Farrell of the Yankee front office, usually writes them out for him in advance.

They once were at a dinner when Yogi reached over to study his lines. Then he nudged Farrell. "Is this the way I start?" he asked. "Ain't there some beginnin' to this?"

"Sure," said Farrell. "You begin with the usual: Mr. Toastmaster, Honored Guests—Oh, Oh, there's a priest on the dais—Reverend Father, Ladies and Gentlemen."

"Write it out," ordered Yogi. Farrell wrote it out. As dessert was being served, Jackie felt another poke in the ribs.

"Jackie," said Yogi, "the priest just left to hear Confessions." He pointed to the words of introduction. "We're loused up again."

But if formal speechmaking fills Berra with dread, informal conversation delights him. He is easily the most talkative catcher in the big leagues.

"There's a couple of reasons why I gotta keep usin' Mister Berra," explains Stengel with a broad wink. "First of all, he's very close to the owners of the ball club, and I don't want him tellin' them to fire me. Not only does Mister Berra help me manage but he talks to all the hitters, which is how I kin find out

what's goin' on inside the other ball clubs."

Stengel's fondness for Yogi is not feigned, even if he insists on referring to him as Mister Berra. So much respect does the wily Ol' Perfessor have for Yogi's judgment that it is a rare occasion when Casey doesn't first consult with his knowing catcher as to whether or not a pitcher should be yanked.

Yogi and Carmen have three sons. They live in a lovely home in New Jersey. It is a house that Yogi is proud of. Even when it was being built, he babbled about it.

"What a house!" he exclaimed one day at the stadium. "It's all full of rooms." It was the first house he had ever owned.

What makes Yogi so quotable is that he never pretends to be anyone but himself. Of all the great

stars, he puts on the fewest airs.

Only Yogi could have made the crack he made to Bobby Brown when that erudite young medical student was his roommate. The future Dr. Brown sandwiched his ball-playing career in with his medical studies, poring over his books night after night.

This odd pair was reading in the hotel room one evening. Just as Yogi finished his comic book, Bobby closed his ponderous medical tome with a relieved sigh.

"Hey, Bobby," said Yogi, in all innocence, "how did your book come out?"

Yogi would blush to the very roots if anyone accused him of being one of nature's noblemen. But that is probably why he is one of the best-liked players in the big leagues.

THE PERFECT ASSIST

James Whitcomb Riley, the famous "Hoosier Poet," was a great favorite with children. One summer afternoon, as he came down the steps of his Indianapolis home, he was met by a hunchbacked little boy with a tear-stained face.

"Mr. Riley," said the boy, with a quaver, "you've seen a lot of—of crooked soldiers, haven't you?"

"Of course I have," answered Riley, sensing that important consequences hung on his verdict. Then he noticed that around the corner of the house waited a band of youngsters armed with wooden guns and swords.

"Of course I have!" he repeated, in a louder voice. "Not very many, though. You see, crooked soldiers are the bravest, the best, and the hardest to get."

Arthur T. Sovel

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$25 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$25 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

By Robert P. Goldman
*Condensed from "Parade"**

You're Living in Medicine's Golden Age

*Millions are alive today because of
knowledge gained in the last ten years*

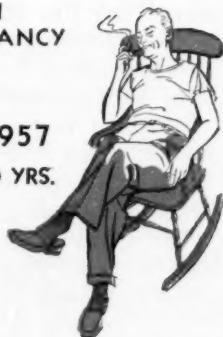
MORE THAN one million Americans are alive today because of new treatments developed in the last ten years. In any previous period, they would have died. Life expectancy from birth has increased in just over a decade from 65 to 70 years. Doctors have twice as many medications to choose from as they had ten years ago. Three out of four prescriptions written every day are for drugs unknown before the 2nd World War. And more has been achieved in this decade, especially in the war against infectious disease, than in the previous 50 years. What do these facts mean to you and your family?

First, consider the tremendous progress in fighting infectious disease. Pneumonia, the scourge of the 1930's and early '40's, no longer is a major killer. Tuberculosis is on the run (TB death rates have declined sharply although new cases still occur at a comparatively high rate). There is a good chance that polio

INCREASE IN LIFE EXPECTANCY

1945
65 YRS.

1957
70 YRS.



will be wiped out in the next few years. Deaths from acute rheumatic fever, kidney disorders, and influenza have been reduced sharply.

Incalculable improvements have been achieved in the care of the sick. Hospital stays have been shortened. Visits to doctors have been reduced. Untold pain and suffering have been eliminated or greatly eased.

Better still, that is only the beginning. New drugs, vaccines, and therapies, new discoveries about the

*285 Madison Ave., New York City 17. July 17, 1957. © 1957 by Parade Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

fundamental processes of life are bringing researchers steadily closer to the unsolved mysteries of still other ailments. Experts predict even longer life expectancy, even more sweeping victories over illness.

Significantly, medicine and the general public have shared in this decade of medical wonders. For only in the last ten years has the public entered to any great extent into a partnership with medical researchers by means of voluntary health agencies and public and private research institutions.

Today, armies of volunteers, men and women in every part of the U.S., have made it their business to learn about disease. Through such organizations as the American Cancer society, the American Heart association, the Polio foundation, these people are collecting money to fight disease. Local and national, private and governmental agencies, pharmaceutical companies and private foundations—all are supporting medical research, the key to medical progress.

As a result of this partnership, unique in world history, new discoveries and ideas, new words have been coming at us at a dizzying pace. Do you have trouble keeping up with them? So do doctors themselves.

Tranquilizers, steroids, broad-spectrum antibiotics, radioactive materials: the list goes on and on. New additions are made every few months. But these great finds are more than

just big words. When you're sick, they can mean the difference between pain and comfort, between living and dying.

Here's a typical case. A 42-year-old business executive suffers a heart attack. Without new, life-saving drugs, he would probably die. But he takes one medication to prevent dangerous blood-clotting; a second drug prevents fluid accumulations in his body which could make him bedridden. Soon he is able to work a full five-day week again.

Here's another. A 50-year-old woman has been bedridden 15 years with arthritis. She is given one of the new steroid drugs, prednisone. Within a few days she is up and around. The pain is gone.

A ten-year-old boy, down with pneumonia, might have died had he contracted the disease more than a decade ago. But today he is given one of the broad-spectrum antibiotics. In two weeks he has fully recovered. A few days later he is again playing baseball with his friends.

A 27-year-old housewife, under great emotional stress, is put on a tranquilizing drug by her physician. Within a few weeks she returns to her old self, and once again becomes an efficient mother and wife. The drug, plus regular counseling from her doctor, has opened the way to a new, happy life for her.

A 32-year-old attorney, suffering the agony of a chest infection, is cured and back on his job after just one dose of a so-called wonder drug.

Such case histories number millions. Many are dramatic: a life has been saved; a family has been held together. Others are less dramatic: pain has been relieved; an infection has been stopped; a patient is kept free of harmful germs before or after surgery; a man has been taught to use an artificial limb.

The cases go on, usually without fanfare, in this amazing era of medical accomplishment. From them emerges a pattern. Here are some of the milestones of medicine's great decade.

Drugs. This has been the age of antibiotics (germ killers produced largely from natural substances by fermentation). It started with penicillin, which came into wide use in the U.S. in 1947. Immediately, many bacterial and strep diseases were conquered.

Penicillin was followed soon by the broad-spectrum antibiotics: Terramycin, aureomycin, Chloromycetin, Comycin, tetracycline and others. Penicillin is effective against about 25 major infectious diseases; the broad-spectrum can knock out 100 or more.

The steroids (chemicals that stimulate body glands to produce needed hormones) came next. ACTH, cortisone, hydrocortisone, prednisone, and their "relatives" have been used against countless illnesses both as pain relievers and as body regulators. As one doctor puts it, "The steroids rarely cure anything, although there are a few ailments in

which they spell the difference between life and death. Mainly, they seem to put a lid on certain disease processes, slowing them down and giving hope that somehow the body can readjust to normal function."

Then there is isomazid, a drug often used in combination with an antibiotic to treat tuberculosis. It has proved so successful that some TB hospitals in the U.S. are closing down and others are now taking patients with other disorders.

Add to the drug list the anticonvulsants, such as Dilantin. These have resulted in control of epileptic seizures in 80% or more of all cases. In a typical case, an eight-year-old boy who suffered *grand mal* seizures, anticonvulsants have meant complete freedom from attacks for more than 18 months. In all, thousands of sufferers have received similar benefits from new drugs in this field.

Just a few months ago, a new pill for diabetics was released for prescription use. The drug will mean an end to insulin injections for some diabetics. Other "oral insulins" are on the way. Perhaps even more important is the fact that the new drugs will serve as research tools to help scientists find the cause of diabetes.

Also new are the tranquilizers, Miltown, Atarax, and others, the most talked-of new drugs since the antibiotics. Millions of people in and out of mental institutions have benefited from them. However, many

doctors think that tranquilizers are being dangerously overused. (This also has been said of the antibiotics.) Yet thousands of people have been helped by tranquilizers, given under close medical supervision. Again, in the long run, their real value may be as research tools used to probe the underlying causes of certain mental disorders. The success of tranquilizers underscores a vital fact: today, for the first time, there is important evidence that body chemicals may yield the solution to certain mental ailments.

Vaccines. One of the great research stories of this or any other century is the development of the Salk vaccine, a real breakthrough against poliomyelitis. The vaccine itself is an outgrowth of another great basic discovery made just a few years ago, a method of growing viruses under controlled laboratory conditions. Coming: improved Salk vaccine (now 70 to 90% effective against paralytic polio) and perhaps a "live virus" vaccine which might be even more effective.

Further medical history has been written in these years by the isolation of the APC viruses. These viruses were identified about four years ago by army and National Institute of Health scientists. They cause symptoms resembling those of the common cold. Today, an experimental vaccine against APC is being tested. It probably will be marketed in the near future.

Also on the way are a measles

vaccine which could decrease the incidence of a deadly measles complication, encephalitis, and a vaccine against mumps.

"Pure" discoveries. Often these have saved lives by their direct application; often they have set in motion research which can lead to the saving of lives. In 1948, vitamin B-12 was discovered. It gave doctors their first effective treatment for pernicious anemia, a serious blood disorder. Soon after, the mystery of retrolental fibroplasia, a disease of premature infants, was solved. As a result, thousands of "preemies" have been saved from death and possible blindness.

More recently, researchers have opened the way to a full understanding of body chemicals which seem to cause high blood pressure. The possibilities: a way to prevent the disease, or at least decrease its impact after it takes hold.

Just recently a Philadelphia scientist reported that she had isolated the cause of multiple sclerosis. If her initial findings are borne out, the answer may have been found to a crippling disease that affects more than 300,000 Americans.

Within the last two years researchers have discovered a component of blood which may hold the secret of schizophrenia ("split personality"), mankind's most common mental disorder. When it is found in certain quantities, this blood factor seems to produce schizophrenic behavior. Scientists hope

Decline in death rates since the
2nd World War:

Influenza	91%
Appendicitis	76%
Acute rheumatic fever	73%
Tuberculosis	77%
Pneumonia	43%
Acute nephritis and other kidney disorders	60%
Maternal deaths	77%
Infant deaths	33%
Hypertension with heart disease (1952-1955)	21%

From reports by the National Health Education committee, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., and the National Tuberculosis Association.

now to find something to neutralize the blood factor or to protect against it, thus either arresting the disease or reversing its course.

Other research has turned up chemicals which, when injected into animals, can cause emotional disorders. Here, for the first time, is a chance to study certain mental illnesses under scientifically controlled conditions.

Further research has been done on substances that are so new and mysterious that doctors themselves are not yet sure just what has been turned up.

One such substance is serotonin, a body chemical found in the blood, brain, spleen, and stomach tissues. Serotonin may be closely related to high blood pressure, mental disorders, and even allergies.

A second is properidin, a blood

chemical which somehow provides immunity against disease. It may hold the key to immunity, or lack of it, in many types of infections.

A third is aldosterone, another body chemical which influences the delicate salt-water balance in the body. It may shed light on many disorders in which dangerous amounts of fluid accumulate in body tissues.

In addition, new experiments on animals suggest that someday "sick" bone marrow can be replaced by transplanting healthy bone marrow. Since bone marrow is the key to the production of blood in the body, this discovery may mean eventual victory over certain types of anemia and, perhaps even leukemia.

Radioactive materials were used on very few patients before the 2nd World War. Today, their use has become comparatively commonplace. Radioisotopes, tracers, and radioactive "beam treatments" have prolonged many lives. In some thyroid diseases, for example, radioiodine is in wide use. In one blood disorder involving overproduction of red cells, radioactive phosphorus acts to cut down the cell production and thus prolongs life. Radioactive cobalt is being used more and more against cancer in many parts of the body; doctors say it can extend life three years or more.

Radioactive substances are also used in diagnosis. A diagnostician can inject such a substance and actually "watch" the body organ at work. Radioactive materials can be

used to trace the effect of medication on the patient. Such uses were unknown ten years ago.

New ideas in care. The last decade has produced a revolution in ideas of nursing care. More and more you hear terms like "total patient care," "home care," "rehabilitation," "social medicine." All reflect one fact: doctors and their co-workers are recognizing more clearly the human factor in illness. "Total patient care" is another way of saying that the sick person needs care for both mind and body to make him "totally well."

Great problems do lie ahead. Almost 900,000 Americans still die each year of heart disease or cancer.

These, together with mental disease (estimated to affect 15 million people), comprise the major challenge to medicine today.

Is there hope for these ills? Yes, indeed. Says one researcher at the New York University-Bellevue Medical center, "Progress is being made in all three categories. Perhaps the hottest thing today is the chemical approach to mental illness. This excites more interest than anything has in years."

Adds another researcher: "Right now, we can say that 1.2 million lives were saved in the last ten years. In the next ten years, that number may well be doubled or even tripled."



In Our Parish

In our parish schoolyard, nine-year-old Billy and seven-year-old Tommy were talking about the new baby their mother had told them she was going to get.

"Suppose it's a girl!" Billy exclaimed.

Not to be outdone even by this terrible idea, Tommy burst out with, "Suppose it's not even a Catholic! Sister Mary Herbert would have a fit!"

Mrs. Alfred Page.

★

In our parish, five-year-old Jeannie was having her first catechism lesson. Her teacher, a Sister well along in years, began by asking, "Who made you?"

"My mummie did," said Jeannie.

Sister tried again. "Well, who made me?"

Jeannie eyed Sister's wrinkled face thoughtfully, then brightened. "It must have been your grandma," she declared.

Sister Sainte Croix, O.S.U.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

By Boris Simon
Condensed from "Ragman's City"*

Paris at Night With Abbé Pierre

*The 'ragpicker priest' brings help to
men and women freezing in the streets*

Abbé Pierre's real name is Henri-Antoine Grouès. As a young man, he gave his rich inheritance to charity, and entered a Capuchin novitiate. His health broke down, and he left the monastery to become a secular priest in the diocese of Grenoble, France. During the 2nd World War, he became a hero of the Resistance movement (he was decorated seven times), helping refugees escape from occupied France and editing an underground newspaper. After the war, Cardinal Suhard persuaded him to run for the Chamber of Deputies. Having been elected, he quickly became a champion of the dispossessed, gathering round him a community of homeless workers who financed themselves by ragpicking, the Ragpickers of Emmaus.



Later that evening we were to follow him on one of his famous tours through the city streets, to examine the terrible plight of wretched people caught in the double grip of the cold spell and housing shortage. Not only at night but in the broad daylight they lay in heaps on the pavement. Huddling together in shivering bunches, they let the snow pile up on their backs. Many froze to death.

Abbé Pierre had overnight become a national figure as rescuer of these unfortunates. On his tour

IT WAS NINE o'clock of a bitter night during Paris's terrible cold wave of February, 1954. My friend Girard and I stamped our feet in the crisp snow outside a music hall. We were waiting for Abbé Pierre, who had gone into the hall to give a lecture.

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this evening, he would be accompanied by journalists and photographers.

As Girard and I talked, our breath steaming in that somber street, a Ford Vedette glided up. Out got a big fellow with a large black bag over his shoulder.

"Evening, Girard," he said. My friend introduced me to Martel, newsreel reporter.

"I got a tip that the abbé makes a tour of the tramps every night," said Martel. "Is it interesting?"

"You'll see."

"I thought of filming a Salvation Army tour, but it has been done 20 times before. Abbé Pierre is newer stuff."

We waited in silence a few more moments. Then Girard whispered to me, "Why, there's Druel over there. Do you know him?"

Druel was a journalist. I had read hostile articles by him about Abbé Pierre and the Ragpickers of Emmaus. I asked Girard what it was that Druel had against the abbé.

"Oh, he's not malicious at heart, but ambitious. He likes to appear tough, and to knock what other people respect, just because he thinks that is what is meant by talent."

Druel came up to us with a shy, gentle smile. "Tell me, Girard," he said. "You know how the abbé organizes these tours of the tramps. How did it start?"

"It happened by chance. One night he saw some people lying in

the street. He gave them money to go to a hotel. That's all. The day before yesterday, he distributed biscuits and hot coffee."

"Yes, yes—but is that all?" asked Druel. "It's arranged so that everyone knows about it, eh? He looks after his publicity all right, doesn't he? Charity is the weapon of the political careerist!"

Just then, Abbé Pierre came out of the hall. "The heating is out of order," he said. "The pipes have burst. I can't lecture."

He noticed Druel, and extended his hand, the fog of his breath enveloping the reporter's face. "Come on," he said, "shall I take you round the night spots?"

Druel blinked, and replied in a voice in which impudence and respect were mixed, "Haven't you got enough troubles already, Father?"

I rode with Girard. We followed Abbé Pierre's little car across a bridge over the black Seine. Through the curtain of snow, we saw him slow down, as if hesitating about which way to go.

Then his car spurted forward, and went at full speed toward the Botanical Gardens. The abbé had spotted the quarry. Behind him swept the procession. We accelerated, then abruptly braked screeching. Hardly were the cars at rest, when press photographers and movie cameramen leaped out.

The abbé was leaning over a shape piled like a heap of rags against the white wall of the Bo-

anical Gardens. The rest of the company jostled each other to have a look. They hurriedly tore off their gloves to focus their cameras.

"My friend," said the abbé. Then he stood aside, and we saw the man. The poor fellow had pulled his beret over his eyes, onto his ears. All one could see of his face, buried in a blue-striped scarf and inside the collar of a greasy raincoat, was a nose and pale cheekbones. His arms were folded across his chest, his fists clenched. He had rope soles on his feet. Wrapped around his ankles and twisted legs were newspapers, tied on with pieces of string.

The thing that affected me most about him was not his lack of baggage and his miserable rags but his loneliness. Lost in the cold, this human being leaned against the icy wall, on the other side of which hyenas and wolves were sheltered in the zoo. He had no one, neither friend, wife, nor dog, to comfort and warm him.

His body was suddenly bathed in the intense light of the photographers. The cameraman was doing his job of filming with complete detachment. Light from the arc lamp shone in all our faces, and I realized that the others felt the same shame I did.

The lights went out, and our dazzled eyes made out the black shape of Abbé Pierre, once more bending over the man, wrapping him in the wings of his cape. At

last, the heavy brown eyelids opened, and the head was raised from the ground. Hoisting himself up from the icy pavement with a large gray hand, he sat up. He mumbled, "I have my identity papers."

"It doesn't matter," said Abbé Pierre, "but you can't stay here. Go and get warm at a hotel. Here is the money for a room."

"A room?" repeated the man, his eyes fixed on the 500-franc note which the abbé was holding out to him.

"He'll just spend it on drink," said Durol.

"Well, so much the worse—or so much the better!" cried the abbé in sudden wrath. "Let him, if that will keep him alive until tomorrow and help him to forget his suffering."

Somebody had returned to the priest's car and come back with a thermos. He poured some coffee and rum into a mug. The man sniffed the alcohol and stretched out his hand.

"Curse it!" he said. "I can't hold it; I've no feeling in my hands." He looked from one to the other, the steaming mug and his fist, cramped by cold. The abbé took the mug and helped him to small sips. One of our party bent over his legs and untied the string around the newspapers.

We put the man into a car, and the cavalcade went off toward the Boulevard St. Germain, to look for

a hotel with an empty room. Then we set out again.

A group of people were clustered round the warm-air vent of the Underground. From the midst of four or five sleeping bodies emerged the torso of a kneeling man, head on one side. Abbé Pierre reached across the sleeping forms, and touched the man on the shoulder. The latter raised his gray-bearded, emaciated face, enveloped in a hood topped with a lump of snow. He looked at the priest disagreeably, and growled, "What do you want?"

"Don't stay here," said the abbé. "Go to a hotel."

"Says you!" said the man. Then, with a venomous dignity: "You don't give a damn about us."

"You're wrong," said the abbé. "Here is some money."

"Thanks," said the man, putting out his hand.

The earth trembled as the rumble of a train passing beneath them increased, then died away. The frozen air seemed to melt in the hot wind which came up through the vent. Steam evaporated from the snow-sodden garments. Then the cold came back again, like a lump of crystal.

"Come on, Raymond," cried Martel, and signaled to his assistant.

"We apologize for taking a photograph," said the abbé, "but the journalists must do their job, so that the public will understand."

"There's nothing to understand,"

grumbled the man. "Damn the public!"

The sudden glare struck him in the face, and he shut his eyes. His long, hollow face suddenly took on the likeness of a noble old Gothic statue, worn by time.

The abbé put the question we all had on our minds. "Why aren't you lying down like the others?"

"Bruises all over my body," said the man. He took the coffee and rum, drank it, and said, "Is it worth while waking the others?"

"Don't stay here," the abbé was saying, shaking an elbow, a head, here and there in the huddle. "Don't stay here. Go to a shelter. Here's some money."

"Yes, Father," came the muffled voices.

"Better to sleep like this tonight, and eat tomorrow," said the kneeling man. "Go to a hotel," repeated the abbé. The man shrugged his shoulders and did not move. The abbé leaned over the group once more, and threw back his cape. His hand went out in benediction, and he murmured, with an effort, "Well—all right, then. Good-by." He could not say "good night" to men who were to spend such a bad night.

Druel, beside me, lit a cigarette, and murmured, "I wish to God that I hadn't come tonight."

Suddenly the kneeling man said harshly, "Give me a cigarette." Druel held out his cigarettes. "Keep the pack," he said.

His gesture seemed to do him good, and he sighed with relief when the man said, "Thank you." Then the abbé said, "Come on, let's go," and we fled to our cars.

Homeless people were sheltering themselves in porches, and behind the buttresses shoring up ancient buildings. In one space, one wretched man, his dog squeezed up against him, had buried himself in a pile of old sacking and rags. All you could see were the head of the man and the black muzzle of the dog, side by side.

Our headlights revealed, leaning against a door, a big fellow, with eyes closed, who shivered as he slept. His body was shaken from head to foot with St. Vitus' dance. His disorder would subside for a moment; then the cold would excite his nerve centers anew. His head would begin to wag; the shaking would affect the thin shoulders, run down the arms to the gnarled hand, down the lower limbs to the knees. Thus, perhaps, his body defended itself against the cold.

We saw a young woman, wearing a red coat, pale beneath her make-up, leaning against a doorway, in a hopeless attitude, like an owl nailed to a barn door. And there was a young couple locked in each other's arms. They had come from Bordeaux to find jobs in Paris, and had been sleeping out of doors for two months, bereft of everything, their only refuge their love for one another.

The cafés were closing. It was now 1 A.M. The cold was getting worse. We were exhausted, but the abbé's passionate energy sustained us, and led us farther and farther. Druel, in peevish tones, kept on repeating that he would have given a million francs not to have seen what we had seen.

Abbé Pierre was more exhausted mentally and physically than any of us, but pity and anger kept him going, till there came a moment when he too flinched from the impossible task.

A Negro wrapped in a rug was sitting on the steps which lead down beneath the Pont de la Tournelle. His head was between his knees; his leather-gloved hands gripped his ankles. When the abbé woke him up, he tried to rise to his feet and to remove his cap. The abbé took his arm, and he apologized, "Sorry, Father."

His intelligent eyes regarded us with dignity. As soon as he realized that we were not police, he smiled. When the abbé held out to him the mug into which he had poured the last drop of now cold coffee, the Negro bowed his head and took off a glove, trying to control his shivering. His thin hand, veined like the roots of a tree, lifted the mug to the level of his eyes in a silent toast.

The cameraman had not waited for the abbé to ask the Negro's permission before going into action. Nevertheless, he calmly continued

drinking in the sudden glare. Then he gave back the mug, smiled, and said slowly, "I have been baptized. At Dakar. By Father C."

"Yes," murmured the abbé.

The man went on to say that he was not a down-and-outer, that he worked in a rubber factory, and that he slept out so that he might send money home to Africa.

The abbé gave him his last bank note so that he could sleep at a hotel.

"I can't take it, Father. I can easily stay outside for another few hours. It's three o'clock." And when the abbé insisted: "My folks at home need the money more than I do. If you like, I will send it to them."

"Just as you wish," said the abbé softly.

I walked back to his car with Abbé Pierre. As he opened the door he gave way for a moment and hid his head in his sleeve, his elbow on the roof of the car. I put my hand on his shoulder, afraid he was going to faint. He was weeping. I could not understand: the sight of this courageous Negro had seemed to me far less terrible than the sight of those miserable numbed creatures, who had reverted to the con-

dition of animals beneath their rags.

Then the abbé muttered, "He was baptized by Father C., whom I knew. I did not tell him I knew him." And I half-understood what this groaning in spirit meant.

The Negro had renounced his primitive faith and his country. Full of hope and affection, he had entrusted himself to our Christian civilization. And God knows what he had suffered in Paris, friendless as he was: not merely physical privation, but also humiliation. Yet his soul had not been stained by his miseries, or by our selfishness and wickedness. But how many of his brothers have not been corrupted by us?

"May God forgive us all," muttered the abbé. He added quietly, "Time to go home."

When Druel went up to him to shake hands, I recalled what he had suggested at the outset of the trip, that the priest made these tours for political purposes. ("Charity is the weapon of the political careerist!") Now he had reached the hard kernel of truth. His mute look towards the priest was apologetic. I know that this night marked for him a turning point.

A youngster, looking in the bookstore window, asked his mother, "What are those things?"

"Books, dear," replied mother, and then, because explanation seemed necessary, "that's what the movies we see on television are made from."

L. G.



RAYMOND F. ROLFS, of Bloomington, Ill., and a friend planned to attend a bowling tournament in a town some 90 miles from home. They invited two of their acquaintances, who happened to be non-Catholics, to accompany them.

The tournament was to be held on a Sunday, and Raymond explained to his girl friend that he would go to 5:30 Mass, so as to leave by 8 A.M. He asked the girl if her church had an early service that she could attend.

"No," she replied, "but it doesn't matter if I miss just one Sunday."

Raymond felt otherwise; he told his girl that Sunday church attendance was very important, regardless of one's particular form of faith. With the girl's permission, he wrote to churches of her faith in a town midway along the route until he found one which would have services at a time she could attend.

So impressed was the girl with the Catholic attitude toward worship that she began asking questions about the faith that prompted such piety. Soon she was attending Mass with the boy, then inquiry classes, and finally was

received into the Church a few months before she became Mrs. Raymond F. Rolfs.

MOM WAS DYING. Her five daughters and priest son were gathered around her bed in Mercy hospital, Rockville Center, Long Island, saying the Rosary. They had been there for three days and nights. Now the end was near.

"It was the end of 79 years of a life lived devotedly, enthusiastically, for God and her family," says her daughter, Eileen White of Rockville Center. "Mom didn't have much schooling, but she had a living faith, and she was happiest when she could share its graces with others."

"Her apostolate reached out to all: the iceman who didn't go to church, the taxi driver who was persuaded to return to the sacraments after many years, the colored lady collecting funds for charity."

"It was fitting then that as she lived so she died. Another dying woman, a non-Catholic, had heard the low hum of voices from mother's room. The Sister attending her told her about mother and our prayers."

Longingly, the woman exclaimed, "Oh, I wish I were a Catholic and had someone to pray for me!" After verifying her sincerity, the Sister instructed her briefly, and had her say an act of contrition. Then the woman was baptized conditionally.

As Eileen's brother gave the lady final absolution, she died peacefully. "We figured," says Eileen, "that mom couldn't go to heaven without bringing someone else along in with her."

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.]

Don't Just Sit There: Listen!

Tests show that most white-collar workers are only 25% efficient in listening comprehension

IF YOU ARE a white-collar worker, you probably devote at least 40% of your work day to listening. Thus, 40% of your salary is paid just for listening. Yet tests of listening comprehension have shown that most white collar workers listen at only 25% efficiency. Many are far less efficient.

The art of listening can be learned. A study of the 100 best listeners and the 100 worst listeners in the freshman class at the University of Minnesota has evolved ten guides to improve your listening habits.

1. Find an area of interest. Bad listeners usually declare the subject dull after the first few sentences. Once this decision is made, they have an excuse for not paying attention.

Good listeners follow different tactics. They may think the subject dull but they would feel awkward leaving.

Trapped, they decide it might be well to learn if anything useful is being said.



Whenever we wish to listen efficiently, we ought to say to ourselves: "What's he saying that I can use? Anything that I can cash in on, or with which I can make myself happier?" As G. K. Chesterton said, "There is no such thing as an uninteresting subject; there are only uninterested people."

2. Judge content, not delivery.

Mr. Nichols is head of the Department of Rhetoric, University of Minnesota, and co-author with Leonard Stevens of a forthcoming book, "Are You Listening?"

*1615 H St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C. July, 1957. © 1957 by the Chamber of Commerce of the U.S., and reprinted with permission.

Many listeners think to themselves, "Who could listen to such a character? What an awful voice! Will he ever stop reading from his notes?"

The good listener may well look at the speaker and think, "This man is inept. Anyone ought to be able to talk better than that." But he moves on to think, "But I'm not interested in his personality or delivery. I want to find out what he knows. Does this man know some things that I need to know?"

3. Hold your fire. Exaggerated response to a speaker is almost as bad as inattention. The overstimulated listener gets excited too soon by the speaker. A speaker can seldom talk for more than a few minutes without touching upon someone's pet prejudice.

The bad listener usually tries to do three things at the same time: calculate what hurt is being done to his own pet ideas; plot an embarrassing question to ask the speaker; enjoy mentally the discomfiture of the speaker once the devastating reply to him is launched. Meanwhile, what the speaker is actually saying often goes unheard.

4. Listen for ideas. Good listeners focus on central ideas; they discriminate between fact and principle, idea and example, evidence and argument. Poor listeners are inclined to listen only for the facts.

Let us assume that a man is giving us instructions made up of facts A to Z. The man begins to talk. We hear fact A and think: "We've

got to remember it!" So we begin a memory exercise by repeating "Fact A, fact A, fact A . . ." Meanwhile, the fellow is telling us fact B. Now we have two facts to memorize. We are so busy doing it that we miss fact C completely. And so it goes, on to fact Z. We catch a few facts, garble several others, and completely miss the main ideas. We can't see the forest for the trees.

5. Be flexible. In the Minnesota study, the 100 worst listeners thought that note taking and outlining were the same thing. Note taking may be a help or may become a distraction. Some persons try to take down everything. But usually, the more notes we take, the less value they have. The real problem is interpretation.

The 100 best listeners had apparently learned early in life that to be efficient note takers they had to have more than one system of taking notes. They equipped themselves with four or five systems, and learned to adjust their system to the pattern, or absence of one, in each talk they heard.

6. Work at listening. One of the most striking characteristics of poor listeners is their apathy. College students, by their own testimony, frequently enter classes worn-out physically, and then proceed to catch up on needed rest, or to daydream. The faking of attention is one of the worst habits of bad listeners.

Listening is hard work. It is char-

acterized by faster heart action, quicker circulation of the blood, a slight rise in body temperature.

7. Resist distractions. Good listeners tend to adjust quickly to any kind of abnormal situation; poor listeners tend to tolerate bad conditions and, in some instances, even to create distractions themselves.

We live in a noisy age. We are distracted through sight and hearing. Poor listeners tend to be readily influenced by all manner of distractions, even in face-to-face situations.

A good listener instinctively fights distraction. Sometimes the fight is easily won—by closing a door, turning off the radio, moving closer to the person talking, or asking him to speak louder. If the distractions cannot be met that easily, then the problem becomes one of concentration.

8. Exercise your mind. Poor listeners are inexperienced in hearing difficult explanatory material. Good listeners apparently develop an appetite for hearing a variety of presentations difficult enough to challenge their mental capacities.

Perhaps the one word that best describes the bad listener is *inexperienced*. Although he spends 40% of his day listening to something, he is inexperienced in hearing anything tough, technical, or explanatory. He has for years painstakingly sought light, recreational material. Such a person is a poor producer in factory, office, or classroom.

Inexperience is not easily or quick-

ly overcome. However, knowledge of our own weakness may lead us to do something about it, to extend our listening experiences voluntarily. We never become too old to meet new challenges.

9. Keep your mind open. Certain psychological deaf spots can impair our ability to understand what is said to us. Such deaf spots are the dwelling places of our most cherished notions and convictions. Often, when a speaker invades one of these areas with a word or phrase, we turn our mind to familiar mental pathways, completely ignoring what the speaker goes on to say.

It is hard to believe that some words or phrases can cause a great emotional response. Yet with poor listeners it is frequently the case; and even with very good listeners it occasionally happens.

Some of the words known to serve as red flags to many listeners are: mother-in-law, landlord, redneck, sharecropper, sissy, automation, clerk, income tax, communist, Red, pink.

10. Capitalize on thought speed. Most persons talk at a speed of about 125 words a minute. There is good evidence that if thought were measured in words per minute, most of us could think easily at about four times that rate. It is difficult, almost painful, to try to slow down our thinking speed. Thus we normally have about 400 words of thinking time to spare during every minute a person talks to us.

What do we do with our surplus thinking time? If we are poor listeners, we soon become impatient with the slow progress the speaker seems to be making. So our thoughts turn to something else for a moment, then dart back to the speaker. The brief side excursions continue until our mind tarries too long on some enticing but irrelevant subject. Then, when our thoughts return to the person talking, we find he is far ahead of us. Now it is harder to follow him and increasingly easy to take off on side excursions. Finally we give up; the person is still talking, but our mind is in another world.

The good listener uses his thought speed to advantage; he constantly applies his spare thinking time to what is being said. This practice is not difficult once one has a definite pattern of thought to follow. To develop such a pattern we should do these things.

1. Try to anticipate what a person is going to talk about. On the basis of what he has already said,

ask yourself: "What's he trying to get at? What point is he making?"

2. Mentally summarize what the person has been saying. What point has he made already, if any?

3. Weigh the speaker's evidence by mentally questioning it. As he presents facts, illustrative stories, and statistics, continually ask yourself: "Are they accurate? Do they come from an unprejudiced source? Am I getting the full picture, or is he telling me only what will prove his point?"

4. Listen between the lines. The speaker doesn't always put everything important into words. The changing tones and volume of his voice have meaning. So may his facial expressions, his gestures, his body movements.

Not capitalizing on thought speed is our greatest single handicap. The difference between thought speed and speech speed induces false feelings of complacency. Yet, through trained listening, this difference can be readily converted into our greatest listening asset.



AIR-CONDITIONED

A couple traveling on one of the new superhighways passed up the last likely-looking motel because the husband was determined to make 700 miles in one day. Later, when exhaustion set in, the couple found that all available lodgings were already taken. Finally, in desperation, they pulled into a motor court of most repellent aspect.

"We should like a room, preferably one with a shower rather than a bath," the husband announced pompously.

"Wal, I dunno," drawled the proprietor. "I can give you a room that leaks, but I can't guarantee no rain."

L.S.

The Fabulous Boston Kennedys

*Each of them does what he wants
to as well as he can do it*

IN THE CENTER of New York City is an office unlike any other in the world. It is a clearing house for one family: the fabulous Boston Kennedys. Financier Joseph P. Kennedy and his pretty wife, Rose, thought up the idea of a central headquarters to keep track of vital statistics about their clan: birthdays, sizes, favorite colors, and other data on their seven children and ten grandchildren. Family passports, auto and insurance records, and other official papers are kept on file there.

Since all the Kennedys fly about the country like birds and interchange addresses overnight (there are seven Kennedy homes in the U.S. and one abroad), they frequently have to phone in to find



out the geographical whereabouts of each other. The Kennedys are "at home" in Palm Beach, Boston, Cape Cod, New York, Chicago, and Washington. There's also a family villa on the French Riviera.

The story goes that one of the Kennedy girls once phoned the office to find out where she had been the day before. The office manager consulted his files, and replied, "You were visiting friends on Long Island."

"Oh, thank you," answered the absent-minded Miss K. "So that's where I left my wrist watch!"

In spite of their far-flung activities, the Kennedys are as close-knit as mosquito netting. They rally to each other's aid as though they were participating in a crusade.



When young Jack Kennedy was campaigning for his Senate seat, the whole family harnessed its energies to help him win. The Kennedy girls divided Boston communities into sections and rang doorbells tirelessly. They managed to collect 262,324 signatures for their brother's nomination (only 2,500 are required by law, but no Kennedy is satisfied with minimum requirements). Jack's brothers managed his political headquarters and stumped the state with him. Mrs. Kennedy presided at endless tea parties for thousands of women and lectured with a mother's pride on her son's unique qualifications. Veteran politicians shook their heads, and muttered, "How can you lick teamwork like that?"

The Kennedys grew up learning about teamwork. "A Kennedy never loaf" is the family motto, and Rose and Joseph set their children a fine example.

Joe, a Harvard graduate, was P. J. Kennedy's son. P. J. had come to America during Ireland's potato famine. He started his new life as a longshoreman, fought his way up to rule stevedores and roustabouts. Eventually, he became a state senator and a political power in Massachusetts.

Rose had politics in her background, too. Her father was John F. Fitzgerald (Honey Fitz) one of Boston's earliest Irish mayors. He was ward boss of the city's North End and representative in Congress.

Honey Fitz was a kind of George M. Cohan of politics; he always opened his rallies singing *Sweet Adeline* in a fine tenor voice, and would follow that up with a jig or a waltz.

Joe and Rose were married in October, 1914. They were thrilled with the birth of each new child. They worked hard to make theirs a happy family, rich spiritually as well as materially.

"While the children were still young," Rose reminisces, "Joe was often away for weeks at a time in the motion-picture business in California or New York. He was always trying to expand our income to keep up with our expanding family.

"On pleasant days, the children and I would go for a walk. There'd be one or two in the baby carriage and two or three toddling along beside me. We'd always walk to a church and go in for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. I wanted my children to form the habit of making God and religion part of their daily lives right from the start."

In business, Joe Kennedy turned out to have a golden touch. He became a success in banking, shipbuilding, theater ownership, movie producing. He got into show business in 1925 when he took over Film Booking Offices of America to protect investors who had appealed to him for help. It was a good move for him. He went on to merge vaudeville and movie booking of-

fices, to become chairman of the board of such big companies as Keith-Albee, Orpheum, and Pathé.

Although he has long since turned to other business and political interests, Kennedy maintains ownership of a small chain of New England motion-picture theaters. "They were his very first investment, and he's too sentimental to give them up," says a business associate.

During Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration, Joe took time out to hold various offices. He was head of the Maritime commission, organizer of the Securities and Exchange commission, and U. S. ambassador to Great Britain during the tense 1937-41 period.

Today, his chief financial concern is the Merchandise Mart in Chicago, the largest private office building in the world. One of his sons-in-law manages it for him, but Joe is in constant touch from one of his three offices in Palm Beach, Boston, and New York.

In the order of appearance, the young Kennedys were named Joseph P., Jr., John, Rosemary, Kathleen, Eunice, Patricia, Robert, Jean, and Edward.

Their first-born, Joseph P., Jr., was probably the greatest single influence on the younger Kennedy children, after their parents.

"I always felt that if the older children are brought up right, the young ones will follow in their pattern," says Mrs. Kennedy. "It

was easy for the children to look up to their brother Joe. He was a good scholar and a good leader."

Joe, Jr., a rugged extrovert, groomed himself for a political career. But he died a hero's death in the 2nd World War. A Navy pilot, he was killed in a volunteer mission over the English channel. The family helped christen a destroyer named after him, and later, his father set up the Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., Memorial Fund, which maintains hospitals and recreation centers for young people of all races and creeds in Boston, New York, and Chicago.

John F., or Jack Kennedy, the present Democratic senator from Massachusetts and second son in the family, was a war hero, too. He won the Purple Heart and the Navy and Marine Corps medal for extremely heroic conduct in a dramatic encounter in the mid-Solomons. When a Japanese destroyer rammed his boat, young Jack swam three miles to safety, towing a wounded man by a strap held in his teeth. His war injuries kept him seriously ill for some time, but a series of operations has restored his health. A popular and active member of Congress, he is frequently mentioned as a candidate for the presidency in 1960.

"If that happens, the whole country will be divided up into sections and taken over by the Kennedys campaigning their hearts out for him," remarked one unhappy poli-

tician. "And now they have in-laws and little children to help out."

Jack was recently named a trustee of Harvard university, the first Catholic to achieve this honor. A diligent reader who plows through six to eight books a week, he is an author himself, with two books to his credit. One, *Why England Slept*, shows why the British military was unprepared for war. The other, *Profiles in Courage*, is a collection of inspirational biographies. It won the Pulitzer Prize for biography last year.

Robert Kennedy works closely with Jack on the Washington scene. He is majority counsel to the Senate subcommittee on racketeering, and he is greatly respected for his competence and sincerity. Bob is carrying on the Kennedy tradition of big families, with three boys and two girls.

Brother Edward, or Teddy, youngest of the family, is still in Virginia Law school. A year ago he was graduated from Harvard, where he starred in football. He is seriously considering following his big brothers' footsteps into public life.

The Kennedy girls are just as dedicated as their brothers in working for good causes.

Patricia, wife of movie star Peter Lawford, left a job as an NBC-TV production assistant to go to Hollywood to work for Father Peyton's *Family Theater*, turning out radio and TV scripts. Later, she traveled to the Far East to carry out assign-

ments for the U. S. Information Service and the Voice of America. She is now living in California, the proud mother of two. She still works on Catholic TV shows, and is chairman of the California *Democratic Digest*.

Eunice likes to startle acquaintances by recalling that she once spent a couple of months in jail. As a Catholic social worker, she lived at the Alderson, W. Va., reformatory to interview women prisoners. She also helped in postwar adjustments of American prisoners in Germany after the 2nd World War. Her greatest success came when, as executive secretary of the Justice department's Council on Juvenile Delinquency, she organized a nation-wide community-conference plan adopted by 26 governors and 300 mayors. Her husband is socialite Robert Sargent Shriver, Jr., chairman of the Chicago Board of Education and director of the Merchandise Mart. They have two children.

Rosemary works at St. Coletta's school, where she helps in the instruction of the mentally handicapped.

Jean, youngest of the Kennedy girls, joined Father James Keller in the Christopher movement. A talented writer, she turns out pamphlets, books, radio and TV programs for the Christophers. Her husband is Stephen E. Smith, New York advertising executive. They recently had their first child, a son.

Another Kennedy girl, Kathleen, better known in the family as Kick, married William Cavendish, the Marquis of Hartington, whom she met in London when her father was ambassador to the Court of St. James. The marquis was killed in action during the war. Kathleen died in a plane crash in France four years later, in 1948.

The Kennedy brood grew up in Boston and on Cape Cod. There, at Hyannis Port, every summer, they swarmed over a big 17-room house that had been modernized (it even had its own private movie theater) and learned to swim and sail like pros.

Sportsmanship is important with the Kennedys. Once when Joe, Sr., heard that the boys had lost a sailing race because they had been fooling around instead of behaving seriously, he banished them from the dinner table. This slip was all the more shocking because the Kennedys are dedicated sailors, and ordinarily tolerate nothing slipshod amidships. "Put a Kennedy into a boat and he turns into Captain Bligh," one observer has said.

Their father once commented on his children's way of life. "They don't have to work for a living," he said. "Each of them has to do something, and each might as well pick out the thing he likes best and do the best job he can of it. The only competition left is the competition for excellence."

It has been said that Kennedy

senior has set up a \$1 million trust fund for each of his children. Whatever the amount, Joseph P. admits, "Each of my children has more money than the average successful man or woman will earn in a lifetime. They have been educated in how to do good with it. I'm far more interested in what good they have done and will do with their money than in perpetuating fortunes for generations of Kennedys unborn."

At family gatherings, no two members agree completely on anything. This may lead to family debates, but never to family quarrels.

"The children were brought up to form opinions and stand by their convictions," says Joe. "They don't face the same situations I did when I was their age. They're in a different kind of world. The curtain seems to be falling on my kind of world. It has been a good world to me and I'll continue to fight for it. But my world can't go on forever."

The Kennedys extracted a pledge from their youngsters that they would not drink intoxicating liquors or smoke till they were 21. The incentive was a gift of \$1,000, not nearly so important to them as being able to say the pledge had been kept. Joe, Jr., was meticulous about keeping it and saw to it that the others never forgot it.

Once in London during the war, Kathleen asked her father if she might put aside her promise. "I'm always being invited for week ends

to these English houses where fuel is rationed," she explained. "They can't heat them and they're not very warm. I think it would help if I took a glass of sherry when the other guests do."

The ambassador shook his head. "It will be a lot more effective if you just put on an extra sweater," he told her.

The children have always had a strong affection for their mother. During Jack's political campaign, Rose proved herself a past master of the ad lib on TV shows. She was perfectly at ease in front of the cameras. She showed audiences her system of index cards for keeping track of her children and their children. And when she recounted the story of her sons' heroism in the war, she brought tears to the eyes of all who listened.

Rose was educated abroad, and speaks French and German fluently. As a young girl, she studied music in a German convent across the French border from Aix-la-Chapelle, and became an accomplished pianist. It has always been a disappointment to her that none of her children learned to play a musical instrument well. When the family gathers for a sing, Rose is the only one who can accompany them.

"We used to be the world's worst family glee club," she says. "But at last we got some much-needed talent in to help us." She is referring to Pat and Eunice's husbands,

Peter Lawford and Sarge Shriver; the senator's wife, Jackie; and Bob's wife, Ethel.

When Peter Lawford was first presented to Joe by Patricia as a prospective son-in-law, Kennedy contemplated him with a half smile, and shook his head. "For about 35 years now," he said, "I've been up to my ears in show business, and if there is anything I think I'd hate as a son-in-law, it's an actor. If you get that straight, Peter, maybe we'll be able to get along."

Peter grinned. Mr. Kennedy and he understood each other perfectly, and they have since become close friends.

Rose cherishes the great honor paid her by Pope Pius XII. He made her a Papal Countess for her "exemplary motherhood and charitable work." Joe, too, has had many signal honors. He is a Knight of Malta, a Grand Knight of the Order of Pius X, and a Knight of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulcher, and has also been given honorary degrees by many universities, including Dublin, Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Cambridge, Catholic University of America, Oglethorpe, Notre Dame, and Colby college.

These days, Joe is well known as a philanthropist. His native Boston has especially benefited by his largesse. To date, it has been the beneficiary of over \$3 million in Kennedy contributions.

The state senator's son and the

mayor's daughter have traveled a long way, raised an amazing family, and brought great honor and glory to themselves. "Examine the Kennedys on the surface and you'll be struck by their formidable charm, their beauty and brains, their buoyant personalities," declared a long-time friend recently. "But look deeper and you'll see competence, modesty, sincerity, and selflessness.

Wealth hasn't cut them off from their fellow men."

When Senator Jack settled in on Capitol Hill, for example, he made a rule that the door to his office was always to be left open.

"That's typical of a Kennedy," someone remarked. "Those Kennedys want to know everything that's going on and get in on it if they can help out."



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 122)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| 1. metronome (met'ro-nome) | b) An instrument for marking exact time, especially in music. |
| 2. thermometer (ther-mom'e-ter) | k) An instrument for measuring temperature. |
| 3. diameter (di-am'e-ter) | l) Length of straight line measured through the center of an object. |
| 4. asymmetrical (a-si-met'ri-kal) | i) Lacking proportion between the parts. |
| 5. optometrist (op-tom'e-trist) | h) One who measures the range of vision. |
| 6. hydrometer (hi-drom'e-ter) | c) An instrument for determining the strength of solutions. |
| 7. metric (met'rik) | d) Relating to measurement; a specific system of measurement. |
| 8. audiometer (o-di-om'e-ter) | f) An instrument for measuring the power of hearing or intensity of sounds. |
| 9. barometric (bar-o-met'rik) | g) Pertaining to an instrument for measuring atmospheric pressure. |
| 10. kilometer (ki-lom'e-ter) | a) A unit of measurement equal to about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. |
| 11. trigonometry (trig-o-nom'e-try) | e) Branch of mathematics concerned with the measurement of angles. |
| 12. metrology (me-trol'o-ji) | j) Science, or system, of weights and measures. |

(All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.)



A patrol in the Sahara, the largest desert on earth.

A WOMAN IN



**EUROPRESS PHOTOS BY
RAYMOND DARROLLE**

THE Sahara

No Christian woman had ever been allowed beyond Tatahouine, in the French Sahara. But when patrol officer Jean Chabauty was assigned to a tiny village some 500 miles to the south of Tunis, he pleaded so eloquently and persistently with his superiors that he obtained permis-

sion for his wife Mary and their seven-year-old daughter Elaine to join him.

For the last 12 years Mary Chabauty has been living among the meharists (drivers of dromedaries), sharing the life of the desert *goums* (families).

Mary Chabauty leads her mehari (dromedary), following Saharan custom. She was the first Western woman allowed beyond the barrier at Tatahouine (right) on the desert's edge.





Mary arrived at Ghadames, on the Libyan border, after a 58-day dromedary-back journey. She abandoned Parisian fashions and adopted the practical meharist garb, including the chèche, an indispensable protection against sandstorms.



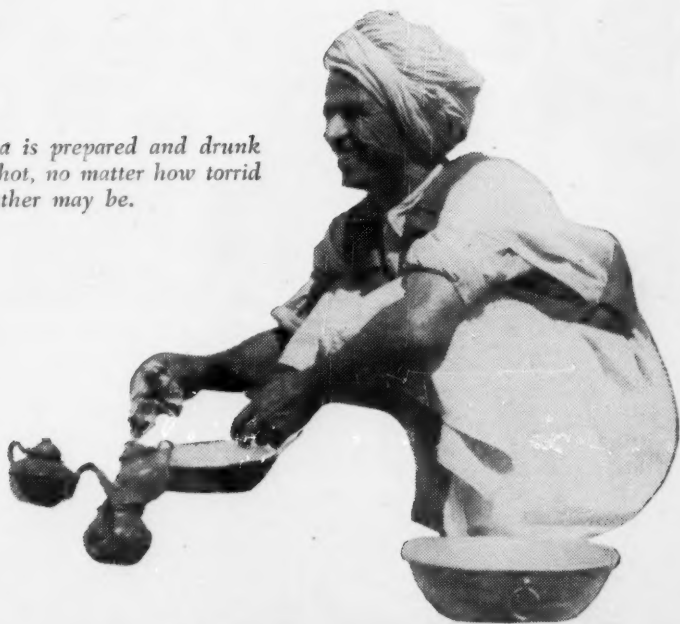


Kësra is the desert bread, kneaded daily and baked right out in the open on charcoal covered with sand.



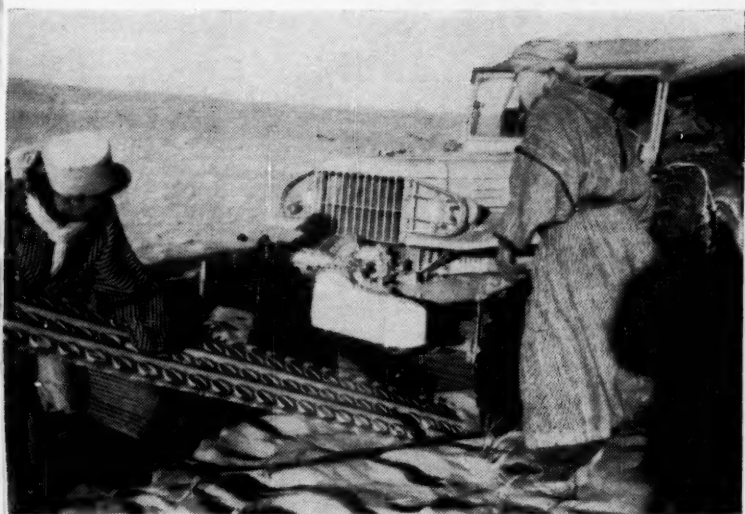
Every meharist insists that the water from his favorite well tastes better than any other water.

Mint tea is prepared and drunk boiling hot, no matter how torrid the weather may be.

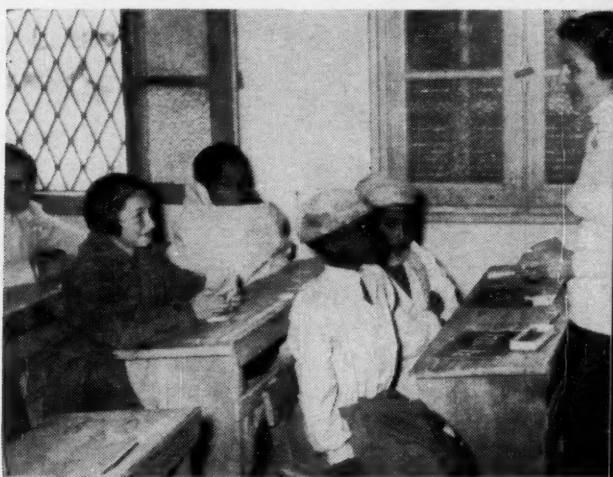




In the evening all gather round the traditional couscous, a kind of lamb or goat ragout, served on a common plate. The remaining rancid butter is used by the Arab women as a beauty cream and skin protective.



Jeeps try to rival dromedaries, but what time they gain in speed they often lose when stuck in the sand.

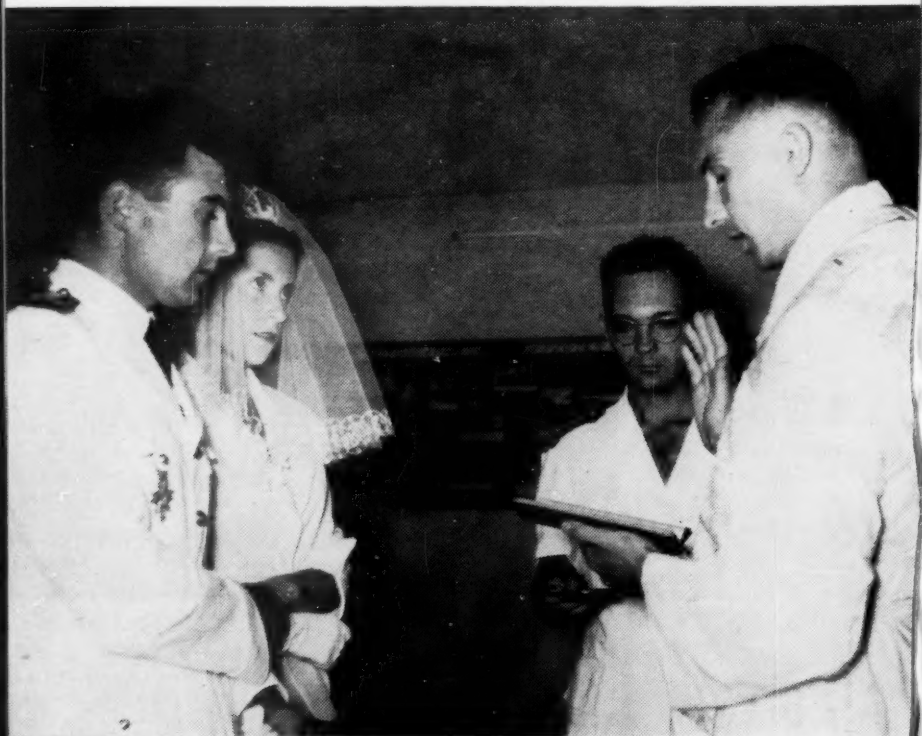


Mary has seen many changes during 12 years in the desert. At Remada, South Tunisian capital, an officer's wife teaches French and Arab children.



A swimming pool has been built for the 14 French resident officers and their families.

Elaine Chabauty, barely seven when she accompanied her parents across the Sahara, marries an officer assigned, like her father, to patrol the shifting desert trails.



I Umpired Baseball's Greatest Game

The contest was the climax of a career in which everything that could happen did happen

AFTER 3,400 umpiring assignments, my record before I retired last October, you don't expect any last-minute fireworks. You figure that you must have seen and heard it all.

That's where I was wrong. Before I quit, I was to jerk my right arm up, ending the most dramatic ball game ever played, and probably the most agonizing ever umpired.

It had to be on the nervous side to beat some of my past moments under pressure. Why, I remember a Boston-St. Louis game where a fly ball went up and wouldn't come down. Another time, a hothead pitcher chased me with an ice pick. Once, I ran in every direction but up while Art Garibaldi, of the Cardinals, tripled into a double play. There was a 23-inning marathon when players pleaded with me to stop one of history's longest deadlocks, while the fans roared for it to go on.

Sounds strenuous? Well, it all happened in the sport I was part of



as an official for 22 years, and for 774 games before that as a player. Of the two jobs, umpiring was by far the better. Umpires are Kings of the Diamond. We last three times as long as managers and athletes. We earn \$15,000 salaries. Out there on the field we're boss.

Only a fool calls an umpire blind. The average fan sees about 20% of the inside action. I trained myself to split-second reactions. I learned to anticipate the strategy so as to be on top of every play, to miss nothing.

Even then I didn't believe some of the crazy situations that came up. Take the catcher who made a put-out on a high fly hit to center field. That was the baseball that wouldn't come down. We were at Braves field, Boston, in '38. A strong wind was whipping the field. A St. Louis

*485 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. April 14, 1957. © 1957 by the United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

hitter sent a towering fly to Vince DiMaggio in center field. DiMaggio waited, everyone waited. But the ball stayed up there. Suddenly my cap blew off, and the ball was coming back!

It sailed over the infield, past the pitcher's box, over the 3rd-base line, and toward the stands. Catcher Al Lopez, dashing backward, made the catch against the Boston dugout. I couldn't believe it. I turned to my umpiring partner, Beans Reardon.

Beans was desperately clutching his pants and coat, and 20,000 fans were running for cover. The game was over. A howling hurricane had struck New England.

When a pennant race gets hot, that's when an umpire has to stay especially cool. The hysteria just below the surface can break out like an epidemic. If an official doesn't keep his head while everyone else is losing his, he's in big trouble, might even get a note informing him of a nice opening in the Busted Jitney Bus Class D league of Hayfork, Iowa. Take the Giants-Cardinals game of a while back.

With none out, the Cards had Cotton Phippen on second and Terry Moore at first. Art Garibaldi banged a sure triple off the right-field wall. From second, Phippen raced toward third. But he heard 3rd-base coach Mike Gonzales screaming, and saw his arms going like a windmill. Phippen braked. All at once, I was running every direction in pursuit of the action.

Thinking he'd received the "stop-go back" signal, Phippen tried to reverse course. He was run down and tagged out as the outfield throw-in came whistling to third. Moore, piled up behind Phippen, was caught scrambling back to second for the weird double play.

The dust settled on a berserk Garibaldi. Manager Frankie Frisch strewed the field with bats. And Gonzales added the topper. "I don't say 'stop,'" he explained. "I holler 'don' bother to stop.' Don' nobody know no heengleesh?"

Things like that come back when you put on the mask and pad for the last time, for me, the 1956 World Series. I felt as blue about it as any man who's retiring. And then in the 4th game, something happened that made me feel even worse.

Any umpire feels disgraced when hit by a batted or thrown ball. I'd avoided it for 22 years, but the Yankees' Gil McDougald sliced a drive along the right-field line that curved with me as I ran. It caught me in the pit of the stomach. I was knocked groggy. That night, I moaned to my wife Mabel, "What a way to wind it up."

Came the 5th game. The first batter was Jim Gilliam of the Dodgers. The Yankee pitcher was a rawboned youngster named Don Larsen, with a fair season's record of 11 wins, five losses. He threw Gilliam five pitches. On a two-and-two count, Larsen bent a fast curve over the

low inside corner. Gilliam was caught flatfooted. "Out!" I shouted. Then I thought, "Oh-oh, Larsen's got it today."

From then on, I was in the concentrating "trance" of a good plate man. Judging balls and strikes accurately is a matter of timing and rhythm, of bobbing and weaving so that the catcher never blocks your view of the ball. Everything else is blotted from your mind. At 90 mph, a baseball is over the plate in 1/75 of a second; you don't dare blink. So it wasn't until the 6th inning that I realized something startling was under way. Glancing at the scoreboard, I saw all those goose eggs. It hit me harder than McDougald's liner that I might be about to umpire the first no-hit, no-walk, no-run game in World Series history.

What a spot to be on! By the 8th inning, with Larsen still showing a perfect shutout, 50 million fans were pulling heart and soul for him. A base on balls called by me now would go down as the Crime of the Century. To bat came big Gil Hodges. "I'll get to this guy," I heard him mutter.

Until then, Larsen's control had been uncanny. But then I had to do it. Two of his first four pitches to Hodges I called balls. Both were only inches off the plate. But to an umpire, no matter what the stakes, a slight miss is as much as a mile. Hodges let me breathe again by lining out to third base.

When the last man in the 9th, pinch-hitter Dale Mitchell, stepped up, my blue suit was soaked with sweat. I noticed Commissioner Ford Frick in his box, pale as a sheet.

With two out, Larsen was just one man away from immortality. As he prepared to throw, I took a firm grip on my emotions. Everyone else could sympathize with him—but not me. Refusing Larsen anything he didn't earn 100% was the hardest thing I've ever done in baseball.

Larsen's first pitch looked good up to the last instant. Then it broke too high. "Ball," I said. Next, Mitchell took a swinging strike.

Pitch No. 3 was a steaming fast ball a fraction outside. "Ball two," I croaked.

A foul ball followed. The quiet in Yankee stadium was so deep that I could hear the rasp of Larsen's breathing. If he'd heaved the next one into the grandstand, I wouldn't have been surprised.

He let it go (Larsen told me later he didn't remember throwing it). He hid the ball behind his glove so well I didn't pick it up until it was two-thirds in. It was his fast one. To the outside corner. At waist height. It clipped the corner without swerve or dip. Mitchell lunged, but for reasons I'll never know held back. We all stood frozen.

"The 3rd strike," I said, "and out."

It was my last call at the plate, and the first perfect World Series game.

What Sally Started at Honeywell

*People from shop and office in a big
corporation corporately glorify God*

SALLY DeVAY sat in the 7th pew in the chapel of the College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn., last March 31, Laetare Sunday. She watched two columns of men and women approaching the Communion rail, and her eyes filled with tears of joy. The words of the Introit of the Mass came back to her: "Rejoice, O Jerusalem, and come together all ye who love her!"

It was no ordinary congregation that filled the chapel that morning. The 578 persons gathered there were who were taking part in the 9th corporate Communion and breakfast of the Minneapolis Honeywell Regulator Co. Sally DeVay, the employee who founded the Honeywell Communion club, had seen the Communion breakfasts grow from a private dream to a dynamic expression of faith

on the part of her fellow workers.

Around the woman who was told years before that "it just couldn't work" were congregated production, technical, engineering, office, and management personnel with a single purpose: to glorify God. Foremen and assembly workers, secretaries and department managers worshiped humbly together. Legal expert and janitress, wage administrator and tool designer were as one. Honeywell publications writers were



Sally DeVay Duff McNeill Father Guinney Father Shannon

altar boys for a day. A husky sergeant of the guards from the plant protection force sang *Holy God, We Praise Thy Name* as the group filed out of the chapel.

Sally's idea for a Honeywell Corporate Communion club had been motivated by two things. First was Sally's desire, dating back to her childhood, to leave some creative mark on the world. Although she was now the mother of three children and grandmother of 12, her poem or canvas or symphony had never materialized.

Secondly, in her position as clerk in the planning crib at Honeywell, Sally had come to know many zealous Catholic men and women. Honeywell is the largest single private employer in Minnesota (roughly one out of ten of all employable people in Minneapolis work for the company). Sally saw the opportunity and need of bringing together the hundreds of Catholic employees in the dozen plants and warehouses in the Twin Cities.

She went to see Father James L. Guinney, pastor of St. Stephen's church, which is near Honeywell's main plant. She found him an enthusiastic ally. Thus was conceived the pioneer movement in Upper Midwest industry to attain an ideal well known in European circles: that workers in a common industry band together in a spiritual pact to worship God at a common altar.

But it was a hard struggle. A St. Stephen's bulletin announcement of

the first meeting, Nov. 23, 1954, brought in three lonely-looking recruits. Undaunted, Father Guinney announced a second meeting. Again only the original three, Estelle Poster, Patricia McLenno, and Lois Kindvall, responded. But the little band went ahead with determination and planned a Christmas Communion breakfast.

Suddenly, willing hands reached in to help. A maintenance foreman, Clarence Sarner, volunteered to distribute tickets, collect returns, and get in touch with Catholics in all plants after his night shift. A. N. (Duff) McNeill, from his strategic position as downtown plant superintendent, urged both factory and management employees to attend.

Fran Brownson, a desk girl who had organized Honeywell women's retreats, enlisted all her retreatants. The singing guard, John Kaeder, eagerly offered his tenor talents as soloist. Cecilia Ross, Dave Dooley, Vince O'Brien, and many others produced an avalanche of reservations that threatened to undermine the food supplies at the last minute.

A snowy, slippery Sunday, Dec. 19, 1954, saw the unfolding of Sally's dream, when 182 men and women received Communion in a body and greeted one another happily at breakfast afterwards. The Honeywell Corporate Communion club was born. Duff McNeill was unanimously elected chairman, and Father Thomas Meagher, executive director of the Catholic Welfare as-

sociation, was named the chaplain.

With the growth of membership has evolved an *esprit de corps* of great value in industrial life. No other activity at Honeywell has made more people know each other or has succeeded in smoothing relationships between factory and management so beautifully. In a company where the wide diversification of jobs tends to separate classes of employees, the Honeywell Communion club has developed a singular spirit of camaraderie. This *esprit de corps* which results from meeting fellow workers at a Communion breakfast, then encountering them on the job, can be honestly measured in terms of intensified company loyalty and pride.

"I never knew that there were so many Catholic men and women around me at work!" is a comment often heard after a Communion breakfast.

Employers recognize the value of this feeling of "belonging." Although most companies hesitate to mix religion with work, employers are wise to encourage employees to be active in following their choice of worship.

A recent survey of 4,000 Eastern workers in another industry disclosed that to the question, "Do you find that your religion has helped you in meeting day-to-day problems that arise in your work?" 52% answered Yes, only 8% said No, while 40% thought they had not applied religion to work problems. Clearly,

spiritual aid that helps a man meet his problems at work as well as at home is a boon to any company.

Honeywell Communion club operations, kept apart from daily work, are nevertheless mirrored in the daily lives of the members. Since the purpose of their organization is to bring Christ into the shop and office, members not only get to know each other better, but also become more conscious of the example they should set for all their associates.

And their associates are well impressed. When Justin O'Connell, a club member, designed the programs, artists at Honeywell gladly offered to execute the modern religious motifs on their own time. The programs were designed by a Catholic, drawn by a Lutheran, a Presbyterian, and an Episcopalian, and printed by a Jew; they are symbolic of the respect which all faiths have for a cause like this one.

The club once decided to present a car to a needy charitable group. Hearing of their intention, a car salesman sold his own car, worth much more, for the \$300 the club had raised for the purpose. Then he endorsed the check and gave it back, saying, "This is to buy gas."

Persons seeking further information about the development of Communion breakfast clubs in business or industrial organizations may address inquiries to the Honeywell Corporate Communion Breakfast club, c/o St. Stephen's church, 2211 Clinton Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

There is no way of knowing how many personal problems have been solved or softened during the three years of the club's existence. One woman returned to the Church after an absence of 20 years. Because a Communion breakfast with fellow workers offers a gentle way to "begin again" inconspicuously, many men have been inspired to renew their faith after years of laxity.

But perhaps the greatest part of Sally's dream is yet to come, for the scope of the Honeywell Communion club goes far beyond simply banding together Honeywell Catholics and reclaiming lapsed ones. Just as the slogan of the company is "First in Controls," so Honeywell Catholics may well be identified as "First in Catholic Action" in Midwestern industry. For interest in the movement is being shown by other firms in the Twin City area.

Recently 180 employees of the Soo Line railroad in Minneapolis enthusiastically inaugurated their newly formed Communion club, patterned after and aided by the Honeywell group. Stenographers, billers, statisticians, publicity men, attorneys, accountants, and repair men attended the first breakfast. The impression left on members is

indicated by one comment: "It was just as wonderful as the Eucharistic Congress!" The reception given the new club by both Catholic and non-Catholic Soo Line employees has stirred interest in local offices of several other major railroad companies.

Employees of Northern States Power Co. and of one of the foremost insurance companies in Minneapolis also intend to form similar organizations. Plans are being made by men and women employed by a large retail-mail-order store in the Twin Cities, and Catholic teachers in the public schools hope to organize soon.

Members of the Honeywell club are confident that during the next few years the corporate Communion idea will spread throughout the Midwest. They are sure that wherever the plan is tried, it will never be abandoned. Catholic employees will realize the full significance of the words of Pope Pius XII in his encyclical on the Mystical Body of Christ: "In the Church the individual members do not live for themselves alone, but also help their fellows, and all work in mutual collaboration for the common comfort and for the more perfect building up of the whole Body."



Two things are bad for the heart—running upstairs and running down people. Ernest Blevins.

By Alastair MacLeod, M.D.
Condensed from "Chatelaine"*

Babies Who Want to Die

*Spare a hug and ruin a child,
says an expert on mental health*

IN MANY PARTS of the world, including the U.S., tiny, well-fed babies are starving to death. At six months, many of them are still at their birth weight. They lie quite still, dull-eyed and apathetic; they scarcely even cry. They are ready hosts to infection; rarely do they survive their first year. Nursery authorities, alert to antiseptic conditions, are puzzled.

As a psychiatrist, I am not. Such babies are victims of a killer that has been recognized for only a few years: lack of maternal love. The infants, deprived of cuddling and affection, die of emotional malnutrition. It produces the same haggard, withered effect as physical malnutrition. A baby starving for want of affection looks just like a baby starving for want of food—and is just as likely to die.

Seven years ago, English psychiatrist John Bowlby made a study of the effects of maternal deprivation for the World Health organization. His research was prompted by the tremendous number of motherless



children left in the wake of war. His investigations led to a whole new concept in medicine: a baby needs mother love just as surely as he needs milk. The alternative is death or emotional crippling.

His conclusion is based on scientific methods of research. Intensive studies have been documented in many countries, particularly England, France, and the U.S. The projects were conducted separately:

*481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. June, 1957. © 1957 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co., Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

often one research team was unaware of the existence of others, but the results were almost identical. Everywhere that small babies are placed in institutions where they are handled only to be fed and changed, the death rate is staggering and the survivors are listless and wan. In cases where babies have been moved from foster home to foster home, the child's growth, general health, and intelligence suffer. Most tragic of all, the child's ability to love others is damaged. Bowlby has commented, "Children who suffer deprivation grow up lacking the capacity to care for their own children. Deprived children are a source of social infection as real and serious as the carriers of diphtheria and typhoid."

Knowledge of the nutritional needs of a child's growing body is now so widespread that orange juice and green vegetables are provided as a matter of course. In the new era of medicine just dawning, the nurturing of a child's emotions assumes equal importance. A baby who is fed food alone, without being held and fondled by the same person day after day, is only half fed.

Everything a tiny infant does is instinctive. His mother takes over all his decisions: when he will sleep, what he will eat, when he will be washed. He is concerned only with co-ordinating his eyes, mouth, and hands. Many psychiatrists believe that his emotional de-

velopment reaches a crucial point between the ages of six and 15 months.

During this period the baby is ready to begin finding himself. With the help of an ever-present, warmly loving woman, he learns to receive affection and to give it. He learns to trust, a faculty that will stave off loneliness all his life. He has assurance of his own importance. Because someone cares for him steadily, he feels safe.

This feeling of security enables him to learn certain skills, such as walking. If the safety net of security is removed, even standing up becomes a terrifying experience. Almost without exception, a baby in a normal home stands sooner, walks sooner, and talks sooner than a baby in an institution or one who has been passed from one foster home to another.

In Paris, a film record was made of two- and three-year-olds who had known as many as six or seven foster homes. In the film they sit or lie on the floor, refusing to stand or walk. They don't speak. A roomful of them is soundless. They stare blankly ahead, without focusing, and rock monotonously for hours at a time.

A few years ago they might have been diagnosed as mentally retarded. The film follows their progress, with patient psychiatric treatment, and shows them at the end of the following year chattering blithely and running around a playground.

Their intelligence is obviously quite normal. But no one knows yet whether the damage they suffered is going to wreck their adult lives or not.

One children's hospital in New York keeps its baby patients in isolated cubicles, permits infrequent visits by parents (who must don sterile white gowns), and insists that attending nurses handle the little ones as rarely as possible. Another New York children's hospital keeps the babies together in wards, permits visiting freely, and is host to a club of middle-aged people known as The Cuddlers, who play with the babies. The incidence of infection is higher in the first hospital than in the second.

In another U. S. city, hospital nurseries had been invaded by an intestinal infection that often ended in death. To battle the highly contagious disease, the nurseries discharged immediately all patients showing the early symptoms. Doctors who cared for the infants in their homes made a surprising discovery. Babies in well-to-do homes, where "ideal" conditions permitted their being isolated in a nursery, were not progressing as well as infants in cluttered, casual homes who were handled and admired by every member of the household.

Yet, psychiatrists heartily recommend a *small* amount of deprivation for every growing child. This is what I mean. The ability to resist disease is a skill the body has to

learn. The body learns to be immune to mumps by experiencing mumps. It becomes immune to diphtheria by being injected with diphtheria toxoid.

Similarly, the handling of emotions is a skill that must be learned through exposure to small, bearable amounts of tension. The child who has suffered no deprivation at all cannot cope with the normal hazards of human existence: failing to win a promotion, for example, or the death of a relative.

Too much tension can kill a child, and too little results in a tragic vulnerability. Where is the middle ground? Most authorities recognize two causes of tension in a baby. One is removal of food or the mother, and the other is the blocking of the child's reflex discharge. "Reflex discharge" is scientific language for the act of reaching for a bright toy or wanting to walk around the living room. The reflex is blocked by another child grabbing for the toy first, or by the mother confining the baby in a play pen. The baby grows tense, and howls.

No child should be exposed to tension for too long, but this latter kind of sensible, coherent discipline is beneficial. The other method of raising tension is not. No pediatrician would approve of removing food to develop immunity to tension, of course, and the same holds true for depriving a baby of his mother.

Most babies who experience too much deprivation show visible symptoms of emotional damage. The most striking is a lack of ability for symbolic thinking. The deprived child cannot picture an object in his mind. He cannot picture an action so as to judge whether or not it will work. Without this power of symbolic thinking, logical thinking is impossible. All actions are equally attractive, including murder, because the mind cannot picture any disadvantage resulting from the impulse.

Some children may go through two grades of school before their early deprivation begins to hinder them. They do poorly in reading, and must touch the print to succeed at all. Memorizing is difficult because they cannot keep the image of the print in their minds. Their difficulties have nothing to do with lack of intelligence. Some such children, baffled completely by mental arithmetic, have been tested by psychologists and found to be highly intelligent.

On the other hand, some deprived children who have lost faith in their own value through an early lack of love will strive furiously to become attractive through some other means. Some great athletes and businessmen are produced by this kind of overcompensating. Their composure, however, is flimsy because it isn't rooted in inner resources. They are likely to be enraged at criticism, or become de-

spondent when muscles or money fail.

These discoveries about the wretchedness that deprivation inflicts on human beings have changed many practices in both medicine and social work. Adoption agencies are more anxious now to find a permanent home for their babies before they are six months old. Failing this, they make a great effort to keep the baby in a single foster home during his critical period.

Social agencies are increasingly reluctant to remove babies from what may seem to be undesirable homes. An infant ill-housed and dirty is far better off with his erratic mother than in an institution. Working mothers are urged to find a substitute mother who has an affectionate nature and a willingness to stay with the child until his crucial years are over. Once a baby has learned abstract thinking, he can picture his mother in his mind to relieve his sense of desertion.

A working mother can do a great deal to overcome the handicap of her absence if she concentrates on making the best of the brief time she can spend with her baby. Fifteen or 20 minutes of undivided attention every day can be deeply nourishing to a child.

The mother who stays home can be accessible at the moment her child needs the reassurance of her touch. Babies need the sound of a loving voice and the sight of a tender smile as well as fondling.

A mother who remains home can also make sure that her child is not fed at feeding time with food alone. She can hold him an extra ten minutes after he has finished eating, to nourish his emotions. A baby who is given this extra feeding is relaxed. He settles happily to sleep or play. One who is abruptly settled into his crib as soon as his meal is finished soon becomes restless.

In the 1930's, the years just before the sulfa drugs were discovered, the fear of infection in babies was so great that parents were cautioned against kissing their infants or having them share a room with other children. As a result, a generation of adults who have never learned to relax is with us today. They overwork, and if they stop working they become more nervous than before. Hence, the present popularity of tranquilizers.

What I have said about the necessity of mother love doesn't mean that a mother can insure her baby's mental health by continuous cuddling. It is perfectly possible to kill a child by overfeeding him. And it is just as possible to spoil a child by pampering him. Mental hospitals treat almost as many patients who were pampered in childhood as patients who were deprived of love. A baby needs cuddling after feeding, after an absence, during a sickness or pain, after a fall. He also needs some time by himself to develop his own resources for meeting challenges. To survive in our modern world, he is going to have to learn how to live with tension.

But the first thing to understand is that mothering a baby is not a luxurious way to fill idle moments, but a necessity of life itself.



IN OUR HOUSE

Our son wanted a bicycle, but my husband and I couldn't afford to buy a new one. We did buy him a secondhand one in good condition. We repainted it, polished the chrome, and bought new hand grips. The boy's eyes shone when he saw it.

Later that day, as Johnny balanced himself uncertainly and rode a few yards, a friend on a shining new bike stopped, surveyed the gift, then said thoughtlessly, "That bike's not new, is it?"

"Oh, no," said our son unconcernedly. (He didn't know we were listening.) "I'm just learning to ride, and this bicycle will have to take some falls before I get so I can ride good. When I really know how, then I'll want a new bike!"

P.S. Several years later, he got it!

Mrs. J. H.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

By Harry Schwartz
Condensed from the
"New York Times Magazine"

Plant Managers in Russia Have to Be 'Smart'

*The Soviet economy grows despite
communism rather than because of it*

SOVIET business executives are not to be dismissed lightly. They are tough, smart; they get things done. We can understand why the Soviet press complains that they show little interest in Marxist theory. The niceties of dialectical materialism hardly touch the Soviet organization men. They have just one harsh criterion: results.

Bolshevik ideology once suggested that there was no need for such a "parasitic class" as managers. Lenin thought that capitalism had reduced management to "the extraordinarily simple operations of watching, recording, and issuing receipts, within the reach of anybody who can read and write and knows the first four rules of arithmetic.

"It is perfectly possible," he added, "immediately, within 24 hours after the overthrow of the capitalists and bureaucrats, to replace them in the control of production

and distribution, in the business of control of labor and products by the armed workers, by the whole people in arms."

Life soon showed the communists that they were wrong. Yet the production bias of the Soviet economy is still evident. One looks in vain among higher Soviet industrial executives for the lawyer, salesman, specialist in corporate finance, or the advertising or merchandising



*229 W. 43d St., New York City 36. June 2, 1957. © 1957 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

expert—types one meets so frequently among American executives. This bias extends to the very top of the Soviet system. Of the members of the Presidium of the Communist party who are under 65 years of age, more than half were trained as engineers, including Nikita S. Khrushchev and Premier Nikolai A. Bulganin.

The motivation of Soviet managers is clear. It is the desire for power and for material comfort which moves men everywhere. In every plant I visited in Russia the gap between executives and workers was immediately apparent. Walking through the Kharkov tractor factory with an assistant director, for example, I noticed that every worker we passed took off his hat or made a slight bow. A curt order from the acting director of the Rustavi steel plant sent underlings flying off in all directions.

The very dress of these officials—their well-cut suits and the fact that they wore ties while workers normally do not—gave testimony in every plant that the boss was a man apart, respected and feared. There was the testimony also of envy in the eyes of workers of the Rostov farm-machinery plant as the director got into his chauffeur-driven car, bade me good-by, and left for lunch at home.

Soviet production has grown enormously and is still growing. But, as Khrushchev has made clear in recent statements, it works very

inefficiently and in many respects even irrationally. Something approaching chaos is the reality behind the outwardly serene appearance of a smoothly functioning, planned Soviet economy. Plans often are delivered weeks or months late, and are frequently changed. Materials and parts are often delayed. Labor is short. The harsh Russian winter often paralyzes transportation, mocking calculations.

The only way out, Soviet executives learned long ago, is to break through the bonds of the formal system and operate in as free-wheeling a manner as the most resourceful capitalist. It is the resourcefulness, the ingenuity, and not infrequently the dishonesty of the Soviet organization man that makes the Soviet economy work.

As his opening move, a manager may use every effort to get the lowest plan targets possible for his plant. An experienced plant director will calculate, say, that during the next year his factory can produce 1 million ball bearings. He will then suggest that the plan be set at 700,000 units, hoping that in the ensuing bargaining he will have his goal raised to only 800,000 or 900,000. Managers who do this are said to be seeking the "quiet life," and they are ferociously denounced whenever found out.

How well a manager will do depends on his *blat*. *Blat* is virtually untranslatable, but roughly it means influence or pull. A crude way to

get *blat* is to do a discreet job of bribery. More usually, however, it is a matter of reciprocal favors, of getting one's superiors and equals obligated to one for past kindnesses.

Once operations begin, the manager faces the problem of getting raw materials. He knows that he cannot count on prompt deliveries.

To solve his problem, the manager has three weapons. One is *blat*. If he needs a ton of copper urgently, for example, he may be able to get it from somebody whom he once helped out with a ton of aluminum. Or he may have a friend in the copper-distribution apparatus who can be appealed to for help on the ground that the manager once gave the friend's brother-in-law a job. Or he phones his superiors in Moscow to divert copper from another plant. (A powerful voice is a distinct asset for the Soviet executive, as the long-distance telephone service is poor and only the loudest shouts can be heard distinctly when one calls Moscow from thousands of miles away.)

But if *blat* cannot solve the problem, then perhaps the manager's *tolkach* can. Here is the indispensable man in the Soviet economy, though technically he is illegal.

The *tolkach* is a fixer, a 5-percent, an operator. He knows where to find ten tons of natural rubber or a hundred essential spare parts when everybody who is legally empowered to supply such things

swears on the works of Lenin that they are utterly unavailable. The *tolkach* has friends in every factory that is likely to interest his clients.

He has mysterious ways of knowing when and where scarce goods arrive, when and where they are delayed en route. He knows where there is a surplus of this and a deficit of that, and who is willing to sell or swap at any given moment. To help bring supply and demand into balance, he sometimes executes deals of fantastic complexity, all outside the framework of the plan, which does not even recognize his existence. He is the free-enterprise leaven in a chaotic "planned" economy, and he collects high fees for his services.

But neither *blat* nor the *tolkach* is infallible, so in self-preservation the typical Soviet executive behaves like a squirrel. He hoards raw materials, parts, workers. He reasons that one can never have too much of anything, whereas a shortage can bring disaster. Strict rules forbid hoarding, but the smart manager has long since found ways to get around them, often by simply falsifying his records. In this he needs the cooperation of his chief bookkeeper.

The relationship between many a Soviet manager and bookkeeper is suggested by a Soviet anecdote. A manager was interviewing three candidates for the bookkeeper's post, and asked them how much two and two were. "Four," answered

the first candidate. "Twenty-two," said the second. "How much do you want them to be?" asked the third. The third man got the job.

This instinct for executive self-preservation explains many of the ills of the Soviet economy about which Khrushchev has been complaining. Each Soviet ministry, he lamented, has behaved like an independent empire, taking care of the needs of its own plants and disregarding the needs of others. As a result, goods are needlessly shipped thousands of miles, factories are duplicated.

How will this picture be changed by the current industrial reorganization? The old ministries in Moscow have to a large extent been wiped out. They are being replaced by 92 regional economic councils spread over Russia. In addition, the

power of plant directors and similar executives is being greatly broadened and the old ideal of planning everything from Moscow has been abandoned. In many respects, this new organization simply legalizes what plant managers and other executives were already doing illegally.

It is unlikely that the new organization system by itself can remedy the basic defects of the Soviet system. The Soviet manager is still shackled by his bureaucratic role and will still lack the freedom of a Western businessman. And perhaps most important, the goal of the Soviet economy will continue to be production for the Kremlin, not for the Soviet consumers. No administrative reshuffle can ever solve the problems posed by that upside-down order.



MERRILY THEY ROLL ALONG

An Australian sheep farmer, having just sold his wool and collected a huge check for it, spent \$25,000 on a magnificent black Rolls-Royce. When he brought the car in for its 4,000-mile checkup, the dealer asked solicitously whether he was perfectly satisfied with it.

"Yes, indeed!" replied the farmer enthusiastically. "And I especially like that glass partition you put between the front and back seats."

"Oh? Why is that?" inquired the dealer.

"Because," replied the happy farmer, "it stops the sheep from licking the back of my neck when I'm taking them to market."

Yorkshire Post (22 July '57).

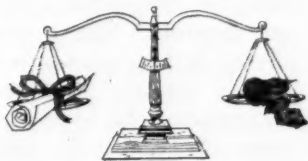


And then there was the Texas oilman who bought one of those tiny imported sports cars and had it mounted on the back of his Rolls-Royce to be used as a spare in case he got a flat tire.

LeRoy Hebert.

By Herman R. Allen
Condensed from the Baltimore
"Sunday Sun"*

Saving America's Brain Power



*National Merit scholarships
are conserving our country's
most precious resource*

OTIS WILLIAM JONES is in college today because of a National Merit scholarship. When he was a freshman at Flat Rock, N.C., High school he set himself a goal. He was going to the annual scholastic "field day" at Western Carolina college and win in the civics division.

He did it, too. And as a sophomore, he repeated in biology; as a junior, in American history.

Came his senior year and Jones set up two targets: 1. to win in French at the field day; 2. to win one of the new National Merit scholarships. He scored a double hit!

Otis has recently finished his freshman term at the University of North Carolina. He is one of the 556 young Americans selected from some 58,000 contestants for the first year's NMS awards. He is headed for a business career.

NMS, administered from a little office overlooking Fountain square in Evanston, Ill., was set up to uncover as many as possible of the talented high-school students whose full brainpower is lost to the nation every year because they cannot go on to college.

Chances are that Jones, whose parents both work in a textile mill, never would have made college if it had not been for NMS. Neither, probably, would Gladys Brooks, daughter of a housekeeper at Villanova, Pa. Nor would Thayer Howard Watkins, of Denver, whose father operates a machine in a rubber factory, and whose mother washes dishes in a restaurant. Nor George Philip Baumsteiger, of Reading, Pa.

Baumsteiger was born in Germany. His father died in a nazi concentration camp. He and his mother fled to England, where they lived six years before coming to America. His mother runs a sewing machine in a shirt factory.

Gladys Brooks, described by her

*Baltimore & Charles Sts., Baltimore 3, Md. June 30, 1957. © 1957 by A. S. Abell Co., and reprinted with permission.

principal as "one of the most outstanding students we ever had," is a student at Swarthmore college, making a mark, according to the dean, for "exceptional independence and maturity." She is considering physics or languages as a career.

Both Watkins and Baumsteiger are attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which, with Harvard, California Tech, and Cornell, is at the top of the popularity list of schools (160 in all) chosen by Merit scholars.

"George and Ted both made the dean's honor list in the first semester," reports Dean Thomas P. Pitre. "This places them in the top 6% of our entire student body of 3,600."

Watkins is headed for a career as a nuclear engineer ("I like the idea of an expanding field") and Baumsteiger has his eyes on physics.

The ten-year NMS program was established on grants of \$20 million from the Ford Foundation and \$500,000 from the Carnegie Corp.

NMS itself will give up to \$1 million a year in scholarships and cost-of-education grants to the colleges which NMS winners attend. (Tuition fees, as a rule, do not begin to meet the expense incurred by a college in educating a student. The "cost" grants make up the difference to the institution.)

In addition, NMS invited further donations from business concerns, professional groups, and other foundations, and has set aside \$8 million to match them.

Thus far, 57 organizations have come in. Gladys Brooks, for instance, is at Swarthmore on a scholarship sponsored by the Pittsburgh Glass Co.

Any student in the top 5% of the senior class of any high school, public, private or parochial, may compete for an NMS award without charge. Any other student may compete if he pays a \$1 fee.

Consequently, by no means all NMS winners come from lower-income-bracket families. Awards, however, are pegged to need. They average \$628 a year.

One first-year winner was the daughter of a vice president of one of the country's biggest corporations.

"Of course she didn't need financial help," says Pres. John M. Stalaker of the National Merit Scholarship Corp. "But we think that it was wonderfully worth while for her to have competed and won. It showed her she could do something on her own, not just as her father's daughter."

This girl, along with 188 other winners, received only token stipends of \$100 a year.

Others, like Jones, winner of a Johnson Motor Lines award; Watkins, sponsored by United States Industrial; and Baumsteiger received grants closer to the maximum \$2,200 per year.

And it is in cases like these that NMS, the most massive scholarship program in the nation today, promises to produce the most gratifying

results. For it is a disheartening fact that every year some 100,000 of the top-quarter high-school graduates, who could become scientists, teachers, economists, are compelled to end their educations right there.

Emmy Catherine Booy, whose Dutch immigrant father is superintendent of a Long Island estate, was sure that graduation from high school was the end of her education. She was persuaded by her Glen Cove High school counselor to try for a scholarship; she made the grade, and is enrolled at Alfred university in New York. She is preparing for ceramics engineering.

John J. Bosack is the son of a Hartford, Conn., bread-truck driver. He won a Merit scholarship, chose Yale (scholars may attend any accredited institution and follow any course they choose), and is preparing to be a high-school English teacher.

James G. Ramsay, Jr., comes from a modest home in Marinette, Wis. His father is a welder, his mother a secretary. College was in the picture, but famed Johns Hopkins university never entered young Ramsay's head until NMS came along.

"Go ahead and try," urged Ramsay, Sr. James did. He won a Sears, Roebuck scholarship, and is now a straight-A student at Johns Hopkins, heading for a medical career.

Nicholas Carrera's father is a barber. Nick, a top scholar at

Washington-Lee High school, Arlington, Va., won a McGraw-Hill scholarship, and enrolled at Harvard. He claims to be doing only "fairly decent work," but his dean puts it a little more glowingly: "Honors work in a difficult program." Difficult is right. It's theoretical physics, with emphasis on electronics.

Carole Keiko Masutani is one of the nine children of the Hilo county, Hawaii, purchasing agent. She is majoring in mathematics at Cornell under a Sears, Roebuck scholarship.

"She was a straight-A student," recalls her high-school counselor, Miss Mary Genung, "yet she was never too busy to help others. You might say efficiency and thoughtfulness are the keys to her success."

John Dennis Duffy, Louisville, Ky., another Sears scholar, is preparing for a career as a writer or lecturer, at Georgetown university, Washington, D.C. His father is a sales promotion manager, his mother is a saleslady.

Duffy attended St. Xavier High school at Louisville, where Brother Medard, prefect of studies, recalls that he had "one ability in particular which stood out, the sense of budgeting his time."

"He could excel in his studies," Brother Medard says, "engage in an above-average number of extracurricular activities, engage in social activities, and still remain fresh as a daisy."

Maturity and imagination are hallmarks of the NMS winner. Frank M. Orr, 3d, son of the dean of architecture at Alabama Polytechnic institute, soon made his mark in the "great books" round-table discussions for which St. John's college, Annapolis, Md., is noted.

Within a few months, says one of his faculty advisers, he had developed a plan to link together

the entire scheme of knowledge. "It was a very imaginative product. It may have had some loopholes, but a lot of thought went into it."

If NMS has its way, in the future it will give many other high-school graduates the chance to attend college. The program strengthens our whole nation. God-given talent is our country's most precious resource. NMS keeps this resource from being wasted.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

The high school I attended, St. Francis academy, stood near a home for orphans. The Guardian Angel, it was called, and it was conducted by Sisters of the same Order to which our teachers belonged. Sister Cabrini, our principal, had asked that some of the older girls volunteer to help the Sisters each week end in taking care of the orphans. I was anxious to sign up, but alas, we freshmen were considered too immature for the work.

One Friday as I passed the bulletin board I noticed Sister Cabrini taking down the list. She seemed troubled, and after a few words of greeting she told me what was the matter: only three students had volunteered to help for the following week end. It took a little persuasion, but I finally got her consent to try out some of us freshmen just this once.

The next day, the three upperclassmen were joined by half a dozen scared freshmen at the Home. We washed and set the hair of dozens of little girls, played ball with the boys, and ended with a grand tour of the building. When it came time to go home, I was as sad as the kids I was leaving behind.

When I went back to school Monday morning, there was a note on the bulletin board directing me to see Sister Cabrini at once. Timidly, I knocked at her door, then entered to find her wreathed in smiles. Never had I seen her so happy and gay—even as I was myself after she told me that I was being put in charge of getting volunteers for operation Guardian Angel for the coming year.

Peggy Ann Dixon.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

The Right-Hand Men of the Pope

A cardinal's most awesome duty is choosing a successor to St. Peter, but he does many other things

THE LATE Patrick Cardinal Hayes, then Archbishop of New York, was visiting in Rome, accompanied by his close friend and confidante, Father John Kelly. Rumors were rife that Archbishop Hayes was soon to be made a cardinal. The archbishop asked Father Kelly for what intention he had offered his Mass that morning. Father Kelly blandly replied that he had offered it for the intention that the archbishop should not be made a cardinal.

Archbishop Hayes raised an eyebrow. On being assured that Father Kelly wasn't joking, the archbishop then exhibited his own Mass intentions book, pointing to the Mass for that day. There he had written: "*ad evitandum cardinalatum*" ("to avoid being created cardinal"). History records that this particular prayer of the late Patrick Cardinal Hayes was answered in the negative. He was created a cardinal in 1924.

The Pope alone chooses his cardinals. Church law requires that they should have received at least the priesthood, and be truly distinguished in learning, piety, and



prudence. There are some canonical impediments, among them blood relationship within the second degree to a living cardinal. But as in all such purely Church legislation, the Pope, as supreme legislator, can dispense a candidate. Pius XI, for instance, dispensed Henry Cardinal Gasparri, even though his uncle, Peter Cardinal Gasparri, the present Pope's predecessor as secretary of state, was already a cardinal. If he chose, the Holy Father could change the number of places in the Sacred College (fixed at 70 in 1570, following the example of Moses, who chose 70 elders to assist him in governing the chosen people).

Indeed, he could even abolish the

Sacred College altogether, and provide a different means for the election of his successor! For although the cardinalate is the highest dignity in the Church after the papacy itself, it was not established by Christ. The Pope could not, on the other hand, abolish the office of bishop, since it was established by Christ.

In practice, the Popes have always depended to a great extent on the Sacred College for advice and help in carrying on the administrative work of the Church, seldom acting except "by the advice of our brothers." But the cardinals were not always papal electors. About the middle of the 11th century they became the principal electors, and in 1179 Pope Alexander reserved to them the exclusive right of papal election, requiring a two-thirds majority. Yet as late as the last part of the 16th century, Pope St. Pius V found it necessary to restrict to the members of the Sacred College the use of the name cardinal. Until then, the title had been rather freely adopted by anyone holding an important see, such as Constantinople, Milan, or Cologne.

The Consistory, or solemn council of cardinals assembled to assist the Pope, was the center of Church activity in the Middle Ages. But the whole body became rather unwieldy as an instrument of government, especially when its numbers were more than doubled. So committees were formed to deal with

specific aspects of Church administration. Such committees, known usually as congregations, carry the brunt of the work of the Roman Curia. The most important congregations are headed by the Pope himself. Such, for example, are the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Office (in charge of preserving faith and morals), and the Consistorial Congregation (which supervises dioceses in places where the Church is well established, as in the U.S. and most of Europe).

Even non-Curia cardinals, who are archbishops of various dioceses far from Rome, are assigned to various congregations, helping within the limits allowed by their local responsibilities. Indeed, all cardinals work so closely with the Pope in administering Church affairs that no cardinal, once he is in Rome, may leave the city without getting special permission from the Holy Father himself.

The work done by each cardinal depends upon his specific assignment. On their work as a whole hinges the Scriptural "care and solicitude of all the churches."

Hinges is a descriptive word in this connection. The word *cardinal* comes from the Latin *cardo*, a hinge. It was at one time applied to all bishops, priests, and deacons who were permanently attached (hinged) to a particular church, as distinguished from those members of the clergy who moved freely from one church to another. (Today, when

a cleric "becomes permanently attached to a particular diocese, he is said to be "incardinated" by the local bishop.)

It was a natural step for the name *cardinal*, which had come to be used more and more to designate the permanent clergy of important, central, or episcopal churches, to be applied to heads of the churches in the diocese of the one who is the very hinge of the Church itself, the Pope.

Occasionally a Pope may announce the creation of a new cardinal, but keep the person's name a secret *in pectore* (or *in petto*, literally "in his bosom"). Even the new cardinal himself does not know that he has been so honored, and he obtains none of the privileges of the Sacred College until the Pope publishes his name. If the Pope dies before publishing it, that is the end of the matter. But once published, the cardinal's rights of precedence date from the time of his reservation *in pectore*.

Protocol is unique among the princes of the Church. The ordinary rules don't always apply. The cardinal who is Bishop of Frascati, for instance, always outranks the cardinal who is Archbishop of New York. Among American cardinals, Cardinal Mooney of Detroit takes precedence, though he was created a cardinal at the same time as Cardinals Stritch of Chicago and Spellman of New York. Seniority is determined by the date at which

each attained the rank of archbishop. Cardinal Mooney was made an archbishop in 1926, four years before Cardinal Stritch, and 13 years before Cardinal Spellman.

Cardinals Mooney, Stritch, Spellman, and McIntyre are all cardinal priests. There are two other ranks within the Sacred College, one higher (cardinal bishops) and one lower (cardinal deacons).

Cardinal deacons. In the 3rd century Pope St. Fabian divided Rome into seven districts for the purpose of recording the acts of the martyrs and giving alms to the poor. Their offices were the forerunners of our modern bureaus of Catholic charities. Peter and the other Apostles had first ordained deacons for the specific work of doing charity, to free themselves for "prayer and the work of preaching," as reported in the Acts of the Apostles. The number of the deaconries first established by Pope Fabian finally grew to 14, and remained fixed at that number. The deacon permanently attached to each of these deaconries gradually came to be known as a cardinal (or "hinge") deacon.

The 14 cardinal deacons of modern times are the successors of these earlier deacons. Each is still assigned to one of the ancient deaconries, which today is little more than a church, the extensive charities offices having been taken over by other organizations.

Cardinal deacons are Curia cardinals. As such, they work full

time in the central ecclesiastical administration, and live always in Rome. When John Henry Cardinal Newman was first offered the red hat of a cardinal deacon, he raised a question about the feasibility of his going to Rome at such an advanced age. Pope Leo XIII waived the obligation, appropriately assigning Newman to the deanery of St. George, patron saint of England.

Cardinal deacons ordinarily are not made bishops; they remain priests as far as Holy Orders are concerned. Cardinal Antonelli, Pius IX's secretary of state, was not even a priest, but remained a deacon even when raised to the Sacred College. And that as recently as the 19th century!

Cardinal priests. Most members of the Sacred College belong to this rank. They are the successors of the pastors of what were in effect the ancient Roman quasi parishes, known as *tituli*, or titles. The leader of each group of priests serving each "title," or parish, was called the cardinal priest of the parish. There were about 25 such titles in ancient times; now there are 53, but they are never all filled at any one time, 50 being the limit for the number of cardinal priests in the Sacred College.

Cardinal priests are usually residential archbishops of large cities in various parts of the world. Cardinal Spellman, for instance, Archbishop of New York, is in the

Sacred College cardinal priest of the title of Sts. John and Paul, the title held by the present Holy Father before he was raised to the papacy.

Cardinal bishops. The top-ranking tier of cardinals was actually the last group to be created. As the Bishop of Rome (always recognized as the head of the Church) began to exercise more and more authority over matters of Church administration, more and more Church business came to be transacted in Rome. For help, the Pope called upon neighboring bishops. Their similarity to the cardinal priests and the cardinal deacons, both with regard to their functions as close advisors to the Pope and their assistance in liturgical functions in Rome, made it natural to transfer the name cardinal to these bishops. Once they were included in the Sacred College, they inevitably outranked the cardinal priests and deacons.

Cardinal bishops, like cardinal deacons, are Curia cardinals. They reside in Rome, helping directly in the work of the Roman Curia, the central administration of the Church. One such Curia cardinal, the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, spends much of his time doing what is technically non-Curial work: the duties of the vicar general of the Pope for the Diocese of Rome. It is non-Curial since it concerns a particular diocese, not the whole Church.

When a Pope dies, there is no

Pope Urban VIII outlived all the cardinals created by his predecessors. To signalize this most unusual occurrence, he ordered a special medal bearing in Latin the scriptural words, "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." The medal was presented to each member of his Sacred College of Cardinals.

question of the Sacred College succeeding to the papal authority. What authority they do have is strictly limited within carefully specified boundaries established by the present Pope Pius XII's 1945 Constitution on the Vacancy of the Apostolic See.

On the death of the Pontiff, the temporary administration of the Holy See falls upon the cardinals. They are obliged to gather for the exercise of their best-known and most awesome duty: the election of a new Pope. Their choice must be by a two-thirds majority, plus one. The "plus one" feature is an innovation (modifying an 800-year-old rule) of the present Pope. It is intended to do away with the necessity of scrutinizing the ballot of the elected candidate to make sure that he didn't vote for himself. Under the new system, the cardinals no longer indicate their identity in any way.

Cardinals have no choice about whether or not they shall participate in a papal election. Unless

lawfully excused (a lawful excuse: any circumstance, such as poor health, which would make it physically impossible for the cardinal to attend) they must be present at the conclave. Even if they arrive late, they must be admitted, unless the Pope has already been elected. Once inside the conclave, a cardinal is bound under pain of automatic excommunication to answer the summons to the balloting.

Among the hardest working prelates in the Church are those Curia-cardinals who are not in charge of departments: those members of the Supreme Apostolic Tribunal who serve as prefects (presidents), or as secretaries in departments headed by the Pope himself. Theirs is an unvarying round of study of the data in the many cases and issues that Rome must decide.

An example is the late Cardinal Cattani, who in his 80's would spend the whole night before an important meeting in going over the documents relating to a case to be decided, checking his reasons for voting one way rather than the other. After the early morning hours had slipped by, he would rise from his desk, spend some time in meditation, then offer Mass. Thanksgiving and breakfast over, he would be off to the meeting.

Such is the type of man who, with his colleagues, finally votes his decision in the most difficult cases that come before the *Signatura*, the Supreme Court of the Church.

Are Negroes Proud to Be Negroes? Should They Be?

Seventeenth in a series of articles on the Catholic Digest Survey of the race problem in the U.S.

MANY PEOPLE, when they discuss the problem of integration, contend that most Negroes would "cross over," that is, be identified as whites, if they could.

Such a belief undoubtedly arises because the Negro is thought unwilling to accept his race as something to be proud of. It is also a kind of condescension in non-Negroes, expressing lack of knowledge of the great accomplishments of individual Negroes, or failure to see how far Negroes, as a group, have come in the last 50 years.

Several years ago, an executive editor of *Ebony* (the Negro magazine which has a format similar to that of *Life*) watched a white photographer at work taking pictures of Negro slums on Chicago's South Side. He was resentful. "Suddenly," he said, "I discerned that I was behaving like many Negroes I knew who resented being portrayed always as ragged, filthy paupers. I had some pride in what Negroes were achieving, and wanted the rest of the world to know about these accomplishments rather than

continue to carry the hackneyed portrait of tenement idlers."

That a feeling of pride in their race is a great force among Negroes is clearly demonstrated in the Negro press, both newspapers and magazines. They constantly publish articles which point out the contributions of such Negro leaders as Booker T. Washington, W. E. B. Du Bois, George Washington Carver, Walter White, Ralph Bunche, and successful business and professional men. Articles of this sort help make the Negro group a social and psychological reality.

Leading newspapers like the *Pittsburgh Courier*, the *Chicago Defender*, and the *Afro-American* appeal directly to a sense of pride in race by encouraging Negro subscribers to try to improve their personal conduct. The *Courier*, for example, ran a weekly column for years called "Your Public Conduct," which concentrated on the group behavior of Negroes.

When Jackie Robinson made his tradition-breaking entry into major-league baseball, many of the Negro

papers cautioned their readers about behavior at ball games. One writer in a Chicago Negro paper said that "colored Chicago is prepared to show that we Americans of mixed bloods and swarthy complexions are ready for the freedoms and liberties of a true democracy."

Leading Negro magazines like *Ebony*, the *Journal of Negro History*, and *Phylon* encourage the Negro to see himself as a member of a group which is successfully waging war against great odds in the fields of business, politics, labor relations, and education. The aim of all those efforts has been to produce among the Negroes a greater feeling of hope for the future of their race in the U. S.

To make known the feelings of both whites and Negroes on the subject of pride of race, THE CATHOLIC DIGEST included two pertinent questions in its poll on the race problem conducted by Ben Gaffin & Associates. The tabulation of answers given by the 2,000 scientifically selected people who were interviewed shows an overwhelming agreement among both Negroes and whites.

The first question asked was: "Which do you think most Negroes want: pride in their race or no notice of their race?" Here is the way that question was answered:

	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Negroes want:				
Pride in race.....	69%	60%	84%	87%
Both	6	9	3	3
No notice of race.16.....	22	10	8	
No opinion	9	9	3	2

Agreement here is very high, with about 70% of all the whites who answered the question thinking that the Negro wants to be proud of his group. This agreement, of course, does not prove that both Northern and Southern whites think that the Negro has much to be proud of (there would certainly be differences of opinion between Northerners and Southerners about the progress that Negroes have made and the value of their contributions to American culture); but it does show that two-thirds of the whites are willing to acknowledge that Negroes want to identify themselves with their own race and to be proud of that identification.

The replies of Negroes prove that the broad agreement among whites on this question is justified. Seven-eighths of all Negroes interviewed, both Northern and Southern, were certain that Negroes wanted to have pride in their race. Less than 10% thought that no notice of their race at all was desirable. Further, as evidence of the concern of Negroes over racial identification, less than 3% had no opinion at all.

Some of the people who were interviewed felt that the question was not phrased clearly. They quarreled with the alternatives offered. For example, they pointed out that they could take pride in the success of a Negro doctor or lawyer whom they knew, but that didn't mean that they were proud he was a Negro. Others said that the good qualities

of a successful Negro were qualities to be admired in any man. The fact that he was a Negro should not be noticed. Such objections to the question itself were few, though, and did not restrain the great majority from expressing an opinion.

The second question asked of both whites and Negroes is a logical sequel to the first. "Which do you think would help more to solve the Negro-white problem: for Negroes to have pride in their race or to have no notice taken of race?"

The answers were as follows:

	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Pride in race.....	73%	67%	83%	82%
Both	3	6	3	4
No notice of race, 15.....	16	11	11	11
No opinion	9	11	3	3

The agreement on this question is even greater among Negroes and whites than on the first question. Two-thirds of even Southern whites and almost three-quarters of Northern whites think that Negroes'

pride in their race will help improve the problems caused by difference of race. And even though a tiny percentage less of Negroes agree on the second question, still five-sixths of all the Negroes questioned are certain that pride in their race will contribute to better relationships between the two races.

The great agreement among the various groups polled on the question of racial pride indicates that racial distinctions are not necessarily a handicap to the relaxing of tensions between races. Negroes want to be identified with their group and are proud of "belonging," even though they are a part of a minority.

Further, whites see in this desire of Negroes to maintain their identity a means whereby the Negro will be able to overcome the evil effects of prejudice, and take his rightful place as an equal in American society.



SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME

No TV star, however popular, is immune from criticism. Garry Moore, whose real name is Thomas Garrison Morfit, once announced that he was giving St. Christopher medals to members of his staff. Some viewers, believing him to be Jewish, berated him for what they felt was hypocrisy in giving away a Catholic sacramental. Others, who thought him a Catholic, scolded him for thrusting his religion upon others.

Garry Moore, who happens to be an Episcopalian, remarked, "If you say 'Happy Mother's Day' someone is going to write in and say, 'What's the matter? You don't like your father?'"

Time (5 Aug. '57).

Dance of the Icecaps

*Just a few eons ago
Kentucky was under ice*

GRANDFATHER IS RIGHT when he declares that our weather isn't as cold as it used to be. He isn't right by very much: daily temperature readings across the U.S. now average 2.2° F. higher than when grandfather was a boy. That much of a warmup may appear trivial, but it is having global repercussions.

One of the most tantalizing of the earth's enigmas is the fact that ice fields about the South Pole are slowly receding. Scientists don't know what that may mean. Is the change merely a local, temporary thing? Or is it the beginning of a cycle of titanic developments that will change the whole face of our planet?

Some scientists think that the world will continue to grow warm-

er. But there are others who say No: what mankind really faces is a return of the great glaciers, the coming of another ice age. It happened before, and it can happen again.

Two centuries ago, the problem would have excited little interest. But now we know that climatic changes linked with the coming and going of mountains of ice have been key factors in the history of the human race. And many scientists think that the future of humanity may be more profoundly affected by natural changes in forms of water than by artificial splitting of atoms.

For centuries, vast ice sheets were familiar to dwellers in the Alps. So were grooved and scratched sections of bedrock. The Romans



marveled at boulders that clearly owed their roundness to some natural wearing action. Men knew that land formations far removed from existing glaciers matched features at the edges of melting ice fields.

Yet it was not until modern times that anyone recognized the import of all those signs. A Swiss civil engineer who studied Alpine glaciers concluded that they once extended miles farther south. In 1829, he went so far as to suggest that ice formerly covered all northern Europe.

Only a few scientists even bothered to laugh at such a notion. Nearly a decade later, Louis Agassiz launched a study intended to end talk of a former ice age. Instead, he pondered the evidence and became a convert to the new viewpoint.

Most geologists fought the idea bitterly, though mounting data showed that the earth's last epoch had been punctuated by several icy stages. Fifty years ago, a distinguished English scholar wrote a 1500-page book against the glacial concept. The earth, he argued, was originally a molten ball: it has been losing heat steadily for countless eons. Such a thermal drop, he held, points to a time when temperatures will fall so low that all life must cease.

This theory has fallen into disrepute. Specialists now unanimously declare that changes in planetary

climate have not been along a smooth curve.

Glaciers reached huge proportions during several epochs. Most data comes from the Pleistocene ("most recent") age. Although it accounts for only an instant in the history of the earth, this geological phase lasted an estimated million years. Mysteriously, it was during this time of clashing climates that the first human remains were left behind to puzzle future archaeologists.

Alternate advances and retreats of glaciers were major events of the Pleistocene age. Very late in the epoch, a global freeze reshuffled the faces of continents, affecting the distribution of living creatures.

Quite recently (as geological time goes), a mere 35,000 years ago, ice began building up somewhere near Hudson bay. According to radiocarbon tests, thickening glaciers covered most of Canada 27,000 years ago. Inching forward with the power of a billion bulldozers, ice sheets took 20 centuries to reach the site of Cleveland, Ohio.

During the next 6,000 years, frozen streams pressed southward. They reached the present sites of Youngstown, Ohio, and Louisville, Ky., around the same time. Fast-growing mountains of ice and snow crept toward peaks in the Adirondacks, Catskills, and White Mountains. Then a surge of glacier-building hid all these ranges beneath unbroken seas of ice.

Where St. Louis now stands, Kansas City, Bismarck—everywhere it was the same: all living things driven south, uprooted, overwhelmed. Europe, too, had its frozen death. So did much of Asia.

Slow melting began about 13,000 years ago. Some scientists think that the warmup is still in progress. Today's glaciers cover only 6 million square miles, concentrated about Antarctica, in Greenland, and upon high mountains.

Existing ice fields are thought to be shrinking rather rapidly. Exact rate of change is unknown, for first-hand measurements have been made for only a century. This brief period doesn't provide an adequate base from which to make accurate predictions about the future.

This much is certain: anything approaching static climate is highly improbable. Slow but cumulative changes are likely to tip the balance one way or the other, so that more ice will melt or more water will freeze into glaciers. Regardless of the direction that may be taken, changes in heat level and water distribution will have a profound influence upon civilization.

For although causes of glacial cycles are still hotly debated, their effects are rather clearly established. Advancing and retreating ice sheets have left so many clues that, broadly speaking, there is no room for argument about the main kinds of changes they produce.

Alteration of surface features is

the most obvious aspect of a glacier's work. Mountains and hills are scraped, valleys gouged deeper. Loose boulders are upset or moved long distances.

Study of random stones, or "eratics," gave a boost to early supporters of modern views about ice invasions. Rounded chunks of rock found in foothills of the Jura mountains were unlike near-by formations, but identical with Alpine types. A few theorists said that a great flood had been responsible for shifting the fragments to new locations. Their opponents argued that no flood would be powerful enough to wash a 1,000-pound boulder 50 miles across rough terrain. And one look could show existing glaciers transporting stones, gravel, and earth.

Subsequent exploration began to yield some ideas of forces and distances involved in ice-field movements. Stones that originated in Scandinavia were picked up in England. Pieces broken from outcroppings in Finland were discovered 700 miles away in Russia.

Near Conway, N.H., a stark mass of granite attracted attention because of its size and composition. Scientific detective work revealed that the 20-million-pound erratic had been ice-borne from a distant site. Boulders that originated in Quebec were identified in Kansas and Missouri.

Because ice melts readily, its real character is not always recognized.

It is really a type of crystalline rock. Thick sheets of it can support heavy weights.

Recent measurements indicate that glaciers press downward at the rate of about 30 tons a square foot for each one-fifth mile of thickness. Under an ice field 3,300 feet thick, a strip of soil one inch wide, two and a half inches long, supports weight equivalent to that of an automobile. Imagination boggles at the attempt to grasp forces involved in a glacier 1,500 miles wide, 2,000 miles long.

Gouging relentlessly at every square inch of surface they attacked, ice sheets lifted half a mile of soil from some Canadian valleys. Combined forces of pressing and scooping created huge lake beds.

A glacier would deposit its load wherever it was caught by warming climate. The whole Great Lakes region is covered with 40 feet of soil left behind by retreating ice. At some points, thickness of the glacial deposit exceeds 700 feet. In Ohio, glaciers filled 200-foot valleys, creating level plains with soil rich in minerals needed for corn.

The possibility of a global thaw is a source of concern rather than hope. It is true that shrinking ice fields might reveal unexpected sources of wealth: fertile farm lands, plus nickel, uranium, oil, iron, and other minerals.

Trouble stems from the fact that when a glacier shrinks, nothing ac-

tually disappears. Solid material that makes it up simply turns into its liquid form, water. Sudden melting of a season's snow can lead to devastating floods.

According to conservative estimates, today's glaciers and polar ice immobilize about 6 million cubic miles of water. If all of it were to become liquid, ocean levels would rise throughout the world, perhaps as much as 200 feet. So if the temperature of Mother Earth should climb another 5° or 6°, land-sea profiles would change greatly. Much of Florida would be under water, and priceless real estate in ports like New Orleans and New York would become off-shore fishing holes.

All these effects are hypothetical, of course. Data for accurate estimates do not exist. Antarctic ice may represent only half as much frozen water as now thought—or twice as much.

During past periods of changing climate, every type of plant, insect, bird, and animal on the globe was subjected to a series of stresses. Some species prospered, while others were thrown for biological losses. The challenge was: "Change or perish!"

Geographical migrations were a frequent response to this demand. At the peak of North American glaciation, the woolly mammoth ranged as far south as what is now New York. Moose abounded in New England; musk oxen spread into Arkansas and Texas.

Much earlier, at periods of minimum glaciation, conditions were radically different. Tropical swamps and forests of Europe harbored elephants. Panthers ranged through much of Alaska. Tapirs and peccaries flourished as far north as Pennsylvania.

Creatures unable to modify their manner of life were doomed; great numbers of species became extinct.

Man was at the top of the list of creatures that managed to survive. Adaptability, the result of his divine gift of reason, saved him. Although he seemed puny by comparison with mastodons and mammoths, the hairless creature who walked upright proved stronger than all his competitors. Man overcame difficult living conditions. To a degree, he succeeded in making his own climate.

Use of clothing set man apart; manipulation of fire multiplied his advantage. Sharp-edged weapons more than compensated for lack of fangs and claws. Most creatures have rigid diet habits; thrust into an environment without familiar foods, some perish instead of changing their menus. Men have preferences in diet, but are not bound to them.

Homo sapiens became the earth's dominant creature during the late Pleistocene age. While participating in a planetary symphony whose theme was ice, man gained advantages the effects of which are even

today influencing his civilization.

So much for the past. What of the future?

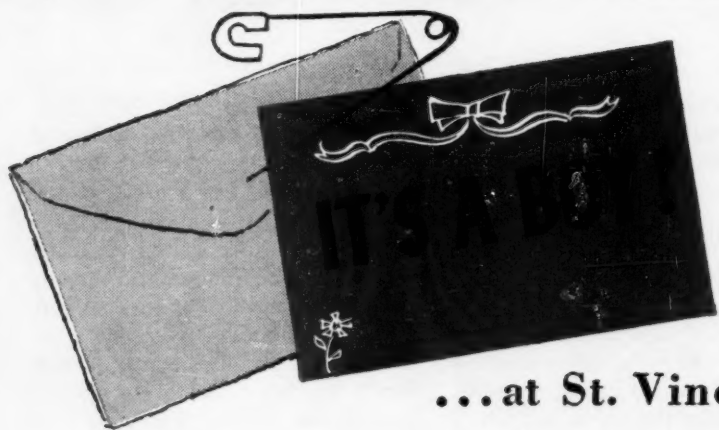
Whether the world grows colder or warmer, civilization is probably in for some rude shocks. Another period of glaciation could greatly reduce the earth's capacity to support human beings, who now number billions. Another epoch of maximum warmth could bring tropical insects and diseases into now temperate regions; many cities would be under 200 feet of brine.

What should all this mean? Doubt and despair?

Absolutely not. Of course, it is well for man to remember that his mad scramble for territory yields at best a temporary lease rather than a permanent title. Anything approaching guaranteed stability on this earth is unthinkable.

Yet, man has matured on a planet of change and struggle. He is the one creature on earth who can ponder the meaning of his past and the challenge of his future. Given a stable climate in lieu of its tumultuous one, the earth might still be a place in which a few simple forms of life would perennially bask in primeval ooze.

Glacial ebb and flow was a major contributing factor in the biological history of man. Long-range effects of global icecapades may help stimulate mankind to realize all capacities involved in the concept of manhood at its best.



...at St. Vincent's

Fathers no longer leave all preparations for a baby's birth to the womenfolk in the family. Rather, they take an active part in the planning for the new arrival. Medical experts agree that this is psychologically good for both parents, and it makes the event a more exciting experience for the father.

To combat the old wives' tales and silly superstitions about approaching motherhood, New York's St. Vincent's hospital has inaugurated a course of instruction in prenatal care for prospective mothers and fathers. St. Vincent's, one of the largest Catholic hospitals in America, is managed by the Sisters of Charity

Sister Miriam Anne conducts a class for prospective parents.





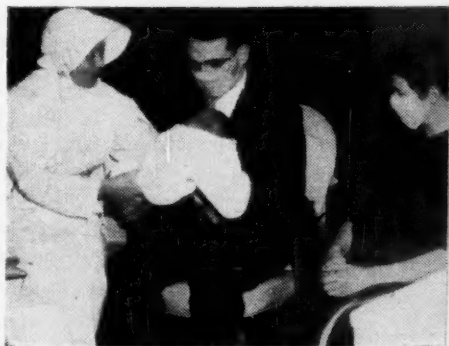
Through a glass partition, John Archibald admires his newborn son.

of St. Vincent de Paul, New York. The hospital was founded in 1849. Sister Miriam Anne, nursing supervisor of the obstetrical department, conducts the series of lectures.

A CATHOLIC DIGEST photographer and reporter attended the classes with Mr. and Mrs. John Archibald of New York, who were expecting their first child. The young couple practiced feeding and bathing an infant under Sister Miriam Anne's supervision.

"Temperament of a baby is most important," they were told. "Each child is an individual, and needs its own brand of attention."

Every aspect of caring for an infant, from sterilizing his feeding bottle to coping with minor sicknesses, was covered in the course. At the monthly classes, John and other prospective fathers were encouraged to ask questions. They were taught what to do when their



In the prenatal course, John was taught first how to hold and then how to feed a baby. Nora, his wife, watches apprehensively.





A nurse brings newborn Michael Archibald to his mother's room, and advises both parents.

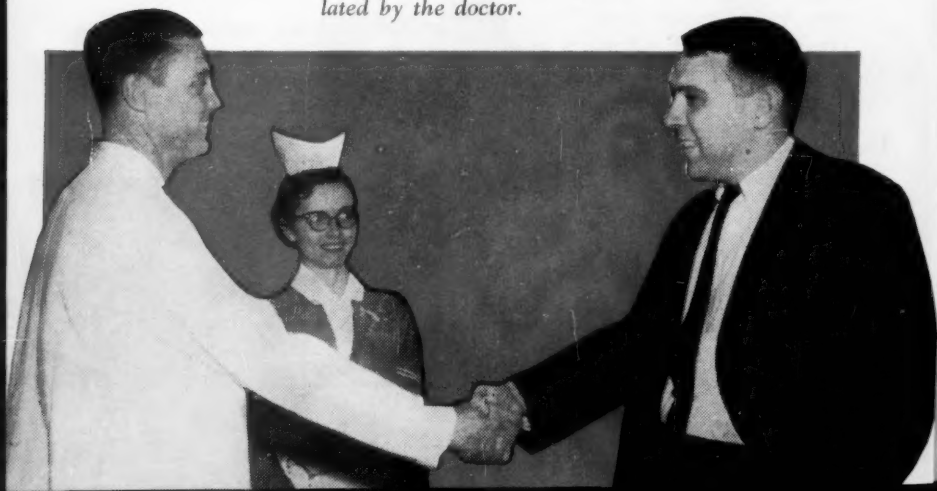
wives were ready to go into the hospital, and were informed when they would see their babies after birth.

"The course has been very successful," Sister Miriam Anne said. "The parents feel at ease, and they

know they can ask about anything that puzzles them."

Mrs. Archibald attended other classes with prospective mothers, and learned about diet, exercises, and how to relax during the birth of her baby. In the picture story she is seen

The proud father is congratulated by the doctor.





A prayer of thanksgiving in Our Lady's chapel before going home with the new baby.

with her husband in St. Vincent's hospital, where her son Michael was born.

A firm believer in practical experience with a baby, Sister Miriam Anne says it not only teaches parents how to care for their infant, but enables them to get used to having a baby around the house. Tender, loving care is even more important in making a child feel secure. "A secure child is a happy and contented one," she tells parents.

Sister Miriam Anne carries Michael to the door and bids the Archibalds farewell as they leave St. Vincent's.

Photos by Bob Nesmith



The Trek That Called for Courage

A famous hunter recalls the bravest hunters he has known—hunters for souls in Africa

WHITE HUNTERS facing charging lions in Africa do have narrow escapes sometimes. They have to be brave men. But in my book a far greater courage is that which is commonplace among missionary priests, Sisters, and Brothers I've guided in the far places of the continent.

Father Adlerius, for instance, who brought Christianity to an African tribe by snatching a boy out from under a descending war club. His patience with an atheist who scoffed—until face to face with a deadly snake. Father Damon, another White Father, who, unarmed, faced a snarling lion.

About Father Adlerius and the boy he saved from getting a smashed skull. It was two hours before sunset on June 15 when I halted our 30 native porters in a park-like clearing on the south bank of the

Chiambo river, about 100 miles below Canza in Eastern Angola. Huge lily pads covered the surface of the river, and from among them hippos watched us wonderingly. I showed Karzo, our head porter, where to pitch the six pup tents, and turned to Father Adlerius, middle-aged, gray-haired, kindly, who was taking a fishing line from his haversack.

"We made good mileage today, Father," I said. "I figure we've covered about 1200 miles since we left Mossemedes."

"Still 1300 miles to go," Father smiled, then pointed across the river to where a brawling little creek emptied into the sluggish Chiambo. "There'll be some fish up there," he said.

The tents were going up fast. Two young Marist Brothers, Louis and Florian, stood watching the



cook build his fire. Professor Radcliffe, an American entomologist, was undoing a pack. Claude Brinken, a Protestant missionary, was humming under his breath as he skinned a hare I had shot earlier in the day. Camp was fast becoming shipshape, and there was no reason why I shouldn't go along with Father Adlerius.

"I'm sick of meat, too, Father," I said.

We crossed the river at a shallow ford about 100 yards downstream, and pushed our way through heavy brush, hoping to find a clear space beside some promising riffle. We had gone little more than a mile when a shrill, pain-filled cry rose high, then ceased abruptly.

"Sounds like some youngster's been attacked by a leopard," I said. I checked the cartridge in my rifle, and, closely followed by Father Adlerius, shouldered through the brush toward the source of the cry. The bushes thinned, and suddenly we were at the edge of a cleared space in which a weirdly-painted witch doctor, with five club-armed warriors, stood over something on the ground.

"Mucassequeres," I whispered to the priest. "A bestial tribe."

We half-circled the clearing to a point that brought us within a few yards of the group, where we saw that a boy about 12 years old was having some sort of fit at the witch doctor's feet.

The witch doctor took a club

from a warrior and raised it to strike the boy's head. Father Adlerius rushed in, grasped the club as it descended, tore it from the witch doctor's hand, then pushed him aside and knelt beside the moaning boy.

The witch doctor, howling like a rabid hyena, grabbed another club from a warrior and aimed a blow at Father's head. The priest ducked, grabbed the witch doctor's ankle, and jerked him hard on his back. The warriors moved ominously, and I threw up my rifle. They paused, rumbling Mucassequere curses.

Father helped the witch doctor to his feet, and was promptly attacked by him with a quick-drawn knife. Father smashed a heavily-booted foot down on the witch doctor's instep, drove the edge of his open right hand hard against the man's throat, then clipped him with a short right to the jaw. The witch doctor fell on his face. Again, Father knelt beside the boy while I held the warriors at bay with my .303.

The boy was bleeding from the mouth. Father pried open his jaws, and inserted a balled-up handkerchief. Then he looked up at me, and said, "Only a fit—he'll come round. Why in the world was the madman trying to kill him?"

"Lord knows," I said.

The witch doctor struggled to get up; Father helped him, and was promptly cursed in Portuguese. "I

am Bembetu," the native shrielled, as foam flecked the corners of his mouth. "Karu, the greatest of our gods, will destroy you, O Man-With-Skin-Like-a-Slug."

"Why would you kill this boy?" Father asked.

"The soul has gone, and he is filled with evil spirits instead. His body must now die, too."

"Nonsense," Father said. He turned to me, and asked sharply, "Why are you pointing that rifle at these fellows?"

"Trying to keep them from killing you, Father," I said.

"You hunters!" he snorted. "Put the gun down."

"Look, Father," I said, "these natives are Mucassequeres, the meanest, most vicious, most—"

"Stuff!" Father said. "They're not going to hurt anyone. Put your gun down."

I lowered my rifle reluctantly, and Bembetu, hands clawed like talons, leaped at the priest, who side-stepped, and swung a punch from the hip. Again Bembetu was out cold. This time, he got to his knees, and laid his forehead on Father's foot.

"Truly, O Man-Who-Strikes-Like-a-Lion," he said, "your God is the God of Thunder. Even now I hear his rumbling in my head. It comes to me that your God is greater than my god, and therefore, I, Bembetu, call you Master. Take your spear and kill me."

Father Adlerius grinned at me.

"Sometimes," he said, "two good fists are the language best understood by the violent."

Then, to Bembetu, he said, "Get up. I am not your Master. I am your Father. You have spoken well, O witch doctor, for it is true that my God is the greatest of all gods. Because you have acknowledged this, I now call you my son. Therefore, you and your warriors will return to your *kraal* and await the teachers I will surely send before the little rains come. They will teach you about my God, who is not only the God of the thunders, but of the lightnings, the rains, the winds, the forests, and the plains.

"The teachers will come to you dressed in robes so you will know them. And with God's help, they will heal your diseases, and give you the souls of good men."

He pointed to the boy, now sitting up. "Take this lad, and care for him. He may fall upon the ground and writhe at times, but do not hurt him. The teachers that I send will cure his sickness, too. Have you heard me, O Bembetu?"

"I have heard, O Man-Who-Speaks-for-His-God. I will obey, and my people, also."

And with two of the warriors carrying the boy, Bembetu led his followers into the trees.

We watched until branches hid them; then Father, smiling, said, "We'll have missionaries here before the year is out, and Bembetu will be our friend, not an enemy."

"You throw a wicked punch, Father," I said, "but it seems a strange way to spread the Gospel."

"Not always, my son. Even Jesus whipped money-changers from the temple. Anyway, Bembetu understood, and is now a friend. Had you used that rifle, you'd have made enemies of his whole tribe.

"Now, let's get to the fishing before the sun's entirely gone."

That's how, in 1911, Christianity first came to the Mucassequeres.

THE TRIP from Mossemedes was unusual in other ways. I had been sent by Nicobar Jones to Mossemedes to pick up four passengers who had arrived on a Belgian ship. They were the two Marist Brothers, the entomologist Radcliffe, and the Revd. Mr. Briskin. Just as my porter-line was about to start the long journey across Angola and most of the Congo, Father Adlerius had shown up, and asked to join us.

He had trekked down the coast from Banana, after completing a survey of religious and medical needs of natives north of the Congo river. Like the others of my party, he was heading for Elizabethville, a good 2,500 miles by the tortuous route we would have to travel. He and the two Marist Brothers, like all Catholic missionaries, traveled light. The Brothers had each one cheap suitcase. Father Adlerius had a suitcase and blanket roll. Mr. Briskin had three full porter packs, and Professor Radcliffe had 24.

With 31 Huamba porters, we foot-slogged east to the Cuanza river, north to Kwanza, then east along what is now the right-of-way of the Benguela railroad. Three months and 14 days later, we arrived at the Chiambo river, the worst half of our safari over.

We had climbed mountains, crossed swamps, and bucked forest, plain, and fordless rivers. We had sweated, frozen, endured flies, ants, chiggers, mosquitoes, spiders, and scorpions. We made good time, for I have traveled that route three times. It would have been an unusually pleasant trip except for Professor Radcliffe, fussy, easily angered, and intolerant of the religious views of the others. Father Adlerius, Brothers Florian and Louis, and Mr. Briskin were all praying men. They prayed often, and always said grace before meals.

These prayers annoyed Radcliffe. He would say, "Prayer is the refuge of the ignorant. Prayer is superstition."

The others didn't like this attitude, of course, and tried to ignore it. But Radcliffe's manner sometimes got under the skin. Once I heard Father Adlerius say, "Some day, Radcliffe, you may acquire maturity."

By the time we had passed out of Angola, across into the Congo, the professor had become so obnoxious that I decided to have it out with him. But Father Adlerius persuaded me not to. "He's really hurting

no one but himself," Father said.

One morning as we pushed through four-foot-high grass, an 11-foot black mamba snake reared up in front of a porter named N'Golo and struck him like lightning, knocking him down. Within the 20 minutes before N'Golo died, Father Adlerius administered last rites, with Radcliffe standing near-by, smiling condescendingly.

The black mamba is Africa's most deadly snake. Zulus call it *Muriti-Wa-Lesu*, the Shadow-of-Death. It's also known as The-Snake-that-Walks-on-Its-Tail. Males sometimes grow 12 feet long, and are extremely vicious, particularly during mating season. Few human beings live for more than an hour after being bitten; some die within ten minutes.

When fiercely angry, the black mamba will chase you, and no man can run fast enough to evade his attack. Like all cobras, the black mamba sinks his fangs into your flesh and chews, four or five chews in a couple of seconds, squirting deadly venom into the wound with each chew.

One morning about a week after N'Golo's death, we climbed a large red *kopje* on which the trail we were following became a narrow ledge overhanging a drop of about 400 feet.

Radcliffe was in a mean mood, and stalked ahead of the rest of us. Now on the ledge, he continued in the lead until he came to an over-

cropping that intruded on the trail, narrowing it down so that there was barely 12 inches between the rock face and the cliff edge. Here, Radcliffe paused, and looked back at me questioningly. I motioned him on, and almost simultaneously, a boulder, evidently dislodged by a baboon, bounced and thundered down the slope above us—disturbing a nest of black mambas.

Instantly, the big male rushed in, reared high, then slithered down onto the ledge. There he coiled, writhing, three feet in front of Radcliffe. For a long moment, they faced each other—the man and the snake—their heads almost on a level. The mamba had reared at least five feet above his coil.

I couldn't shoot, for Radcliffe was between me and the mamba. And a rifle isn't much good against a snake anyway—the target is too hard to hit. It was a frightening tableau: the mamba's great, black, slender head swaying ever so slightly; the black tongue darting, darting; the head turned a bit sideways so it could stare at Radcliffe with one evil, glittering eye.

Radcliffe knew that the slightest movement on his part might mean death. Nevertheless, he dropped to his knees, clasped his hands, and prayed!

"Not this, dear God," Radcliffe screamed. "Not this!"

The mamba, apparently frightened by the unusual noise, turned, and disappeared into a crevice.

Father Adlerius had come up beside me by the time that Radcliffe, still shaken, said wonderingly, "I prayed, didn't I?"

"Of course you did," Father said.

I HAVE said that the everyday heroism of the missionaries exceeds that of the average African white hunter. For what is courageous about facing a charging lion when you are armed with a rifle that throws a 300-grain bullet at the speed of almost a half-mile a second? The knock-down power of such a gun is tremendous, and any beast, no matter how large, is doomed from the start.

But to face an angry lion unarmed, and unafraid—! I know of a White Father, Father Damon, who once did that very thing. He and my old hunting boss, Nicobar Jones, were on the Serengati plain in Tanganyika, and Jones was down with fever, too ill to stand. One evening just at dusk, he lay and watched Father Damon, standing under a forked tree, face a male lion crouching about 30 feet away, snarling, sniffing, twitching its tail.

"That lion," Jones told me, "was just one jump, one second, from Father Damon, but that was enough time for Father to have pulled himself up into the tree—if he had

wanted to. If he'd done that, the lion would probably have come at me.

"Hoarsely, I said, 'The tree, Father! Up the tree, quick!'

"Father Damon turned and smiled at me, then again faced the lion. The sound of my voice had increased the beast's anger, and he crouched lower, lifting his upper lip to show fangs.

"The lion began edging closer, belly tight to the ground, hind quarters lifted. Father Damon just stood there relaxed, moving only his fingers on his rosary. The lion growled deep, shifted his eyes as if uncertain, then began crawling backward. I knew by his actions that he was flustered because his prey wasn't behaving as expected. He suddenly turned about and took off at an undignified lope across the veldt.

"And those few tense moments had cured my fever, for I'd broken out in a sweat.

"Thanks, Father,' I said.

"He bent over me, wiped my forehead with his bandana, and said, 'Obviously, God still has work for us to do.'

"You're a brave man,' I said.

"'Couldn't let the beast get you,' he grinned. 'I'll need you until you get me safely into the Congo.'"



Money may not go as far as it once did, but it tries to make up for it by going faster. Hal Chadwick.

A Pro-Semitic Plea

*Catholics should have a special affection
for their spiritual ancestors*

I KNOW THE JEWS as well as I know myself. My mother is a Jew. My father is a Jew. I went to a Hebrew school, where I studied Hebrew, Jewish law, history, and traditions. I went to the synagogue with my father and mother.

For the last 21 years, I have been a Catholic. Thus, I know Catholics as well as I know Jews. I have found that Catholics and Jews often misunderstand each other, usually because they don't know enough about each other.

I shall never forget my reaction when I met my friend Raphael, the first Catholic who ever talked to me about religion. "My religion is founded on yours," he told me.

Even though I didn't know the faintest thing about his religion, I became interested. "How come?" I asked him. "How is your religion founded on mine?"

Then he told me about Christ, about the Apostles, about Mary and Joseph, and John the Baptist. He told me about the fulfillment of the prophecies. It may seem in-

credible, but I had never before heard most of what he said. I was then 20 years old, but I had never heard a single word about the Catholic Church's being founded on Judaism.

So when Raphael spoke to me about these things, of course I was interested. But what had seized my interest was that one remark, "My religion is founded on yours."

Since that time, I have learned how very Jewish the Church really is, how steeped in Jewish traditions and ceremonies. I have found how close the Old Law is to the New. The Church is a continuation of Judaism, the Judaism that Christ was talking about when He said, "I came not to destroy, but to fulfill." And He did fulfill the promise of the Old Testament, because He is the Messiah for whom all the Jews of the Old Law and of his day were waiting.

There is really no wall between Catholics and Jews except that which is placed there by misunderstanding or prejudice. Catholics should know the Old Testament as

*1307 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, Ill. May, 1957. © 1957 by the Catholic Church Extension Society of the U. S. A., and reprinted with permission.

well as the New. Jews should know more about the New Testament and more about the Old, too: about the prophets and the prophecies, about the promise and the fulfillment. Catholics can help Jews by knowing more about these matters themselves, and by being able to explain them.

Many Catholics avoid discussing religion with persons of other faiths. If they do talk about religion, it is usually with Protestants, about some question of interpretation of a passage in the Gospels, or about Catholic doctrines or ceremonies. Catholics probably feel a closer religious kinship with Protestants than with Jews, because Protestants believe in Christ. Catholics rarely discuss religion with Jews, perhaps because they think that it is inconceivable for a Jew to be interested in Catholicism.

The Judaeo-Christian institute, directed by Father John M. Oesterreicher at Seton Hall university, recently published a book, *The Bridge*. The Bridge is, of course, Christ, the Redeemer, Bridge be-

tween heaven and earth. But all Catholics can be bridges in another sense by being other Christs. By imitating Christ's compassion, Catholics can build a sturdy bridge between Jews and the Church. Jews who have already crossed this bridge have found the happiness, truth, beauty, and peace they had vainly sought for elsewhere.

I love to recall something that Edna Ferber says in her autobiography, *A Peculiar Treasure*. She says that it irritates her to hear people remark either that "Jews are terrible people" or that "Jews are wonderful people." "Jews," she declares, "are wonderful and terrible and good and bad and brilliant and stupid and evil and spiritual and vulgar and cultured and rich and poor and beautiful and ugly and gifted and commonplace. Jews, in short, are people."

For a Catholic, they are special people. They are people for whom Catholics should have a special affection: the people whom God chose to be the spiritual ancestors of Catholics.



ON THE SAFE SIDE

Sir Cedric Hardwicke was on a flight to his native England when the plane was forced down at Gander because one of the engines had failed. As it landed, Sir Cedric asked the lady sitting next to him if she was frightened.

"Heavens, no," she answered. "It wasn't even on our side of the plane."

Journal of the American Medical Association (10 Aug. '57).

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If your question is selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to: Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER

To the Editor: Why do you advise your people not to go to hear Billy Graham? Have any of you ever heard him? Several years ago he preached in the American Pro-Cathedral in Paris a sermon about the 23rd Psalm, and I have never forgotten it. I feel there must be some definite ground upon which the Papacy takes this stand other than fear or narrow-mindedness. Will you give me an answer? As a free American who believes that all things of the intellect should be free, I would love to hear from you.

Virginia L. Hunt

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

I have heard Billy Graham on television, Virginia, and I find him a forceful preacher, eloquent, volu-

ble, dynamic, persuasive, and rather convincing in his revivalist manner. He is good-looking, has an attractive, friendly personality, and seems to be a nice fellow. I have read much about him from sources Catholic, Protestant, and secular. He seems to be a sincere person, honest, zealous, and hard-working. But the thing I like most about him is his charity. He turns away wrath gently, with a soft word. He never says mean things about Catholics, and we have reason to appreciate that. In turn, Catholics have been rather kind toward him. We advise our people not to attend his services, but we never attack him as some of his confreres do.

But why do we advise our people not to hear him? After all, the things he preaches are morally good and frequently inspiring. He never tries to lead people away from any church and he seems to lead many to God and to the practice of religion. Why not encourage him?

I can give you three reasons, Virginia, but I will have to explain them, because it is only on the basis of Catholic belief and conviction that they make sense. I am not asking you to accept our premises, but only to understand them and to believe that we hold them firmly. Then you may see that our attitude

towards Billy Graham is logical and reasonable and not the result of either fear or narrow-mindedness.

Our first reason is that Billy's revival services are non-Catholic religious services. We believe that Jesus Christ established his own Church while He was on earth. He designed it for the salvation of all men and wants all to belong to it. He established only one Church, so that any other churches which claim to be his are false. We cannot join them in their unauthorized worship, endorse their unjustified claims, or equate them in any way with the true Church of Christ.

The second reason is that Billy, though he preaches Jesus Christ devoutly and effectively, preaches without the authority which comes from Christ through the Apostles. He fervently propounds the Bible, which is the word of God, but he interprets it by his own wit and intelligence, and not as a representative of the infallible teaching authority established by Jesus Christ.

The third reason is that Billy, though he preaches some good sound fundamental Christian doctrines, does not preach all that Christ taught, so that his doctrine is erroneous by omission even though you may hardly find him making any false statements.

In the Catholic concept the Church of Christ is something vitally important. The difference between Catholics and Protestants does not lie in our acceptance of va-

rious doctrines and practices which they reject, like purgatory, indulgences and Confession. The basic difference is that we belong to that Church which is the Mystical Body of Christ; we receive the teachings of Christ on its authority; and we are sanctified by the life which flows through it.

When we say that Jesus established a Church while He was on earth we mean that He gave it a definite form and organization. We call it a visible Church; it is clearly discernible, solidly tangible. It has a definite structure, with established officials, specific functions, precise doctrines, delineated authority, determined purpose, and enumerable membership. Jesus gave this organization the command to preach his Gospel, in his name and under his guidance. He promised that He would remain with his Church all days until the end of the world.

This Catholic concept of the Church is in sharp contrast to the idea we usually find in non-Catholic circles, where it is held that Christ established a spiritual body, with no material organization, and that we become members of this "Church" by believing in Christ, by accepting Christ as our personal Saviour, and possibly, as some might require, by being baptized into union with Christ. Since this spiritual Church of Christ has no definite form, individuals who have accepted Christ and become followers of Him may properly group them-

selves together in voluntary organizations, which may be helpful to them in preaching and teaching, in prayer and devotion, in charity and fellowship.

I shall not attempt at this time, Virginia, to set forth for you our reasons for believing that the Catholic Church is the one and only Church of Jesus Christ. In brief, we remember the care with which He chose his Apostles and the thoroughness with which He trained them, the specific commands which He gave them to teach, govern, and sanctify, and the manner in which they later carried out these commands. We recall the special duties and authority He gave to Peter, and his prayer that all his followers might be one—that there might be one flock and one shepherd. You may find the words of Christ on these subjects in Matt. 18, 17-18; 28, 18-19; Mark 4, 11; 16, 15-17; Luke 10, 16; John 17, 11-20; 20, 23; 21, 15-17. And the story of the Apostles' compliance is found in the Acts of the Apostles. Then the early history of the Church tells the story of how the successors of the Apostles carried on the work which the Apostles began.

The Catholic Church has always been logical in adhering to the consequences of her conviction that she is the one and only Church founded by Jesus Christ, and that other churches—no matter how good they may be in a human way, and no matter how sincere and devout their

members may be—are false in claiming to be churches of Jesus Christ. It would be wrong for us to give any formal encouragement or support to such religions; and to take active part in their services would be to give inadequate worship to God. Members of these churches are saved from formal guilt by their sincerity; but we know that the worship is wrong—not that established by Jesus Christ—so we cannot have part in it. That I may be precise, let me quote for you the law of the Church in this regard. It is found in Canon 1258 of the Code of Canon Law, and the following translation is my own:

"It is definitely not permitted for the faithful to assist in any active manner, or take active part in the religious services of non-Catholics. It may be tolerated that they be present in a passive or material manner at non-Catholic funerals, weddings, and similar solemnities, out of respect or because of civic duties, and for a serious reason. In cases of doubt the gravity of this reason must be evaluated by the bishop; and such presence is tolerated only as long as there is no danger of perversion or scandal."

You find this law strict, don't you? Well, it is. And the principal reason is that our frequent attendance at non-Catholic religious services would only be productive of indifference either in ourselves or in others. Indifference is the attitude which equates religions, which blots

out or passes over lightly their innate differences, and tends to see no disparities that are essential.

Religious indifference is the prevailing attitude in America today. It is productive of hearty good-fellowship, which says: my church seems better to me than yours, but I must be broad-minded and tolerant about it, and so I generously admit that yours is probably quite as good—for you. We are all going to the same heaven, each by his own separate road, and considering the ideas we have of our goal, some of us are going to be vastly surprised when we get there. Furthermore God is with each of us along our various routes, and He is the same God for all of us, in spite of the divergent ideas we have about Him.

This religious indifference is encouraged by the theory that Christ established only a spiritual church of which all our man-made organizations are branches. It derives from a subjective norm of faith, which holds that it matters little what we believe; it is the manner of our believing which counts, and the way we live up to our beliefs. The truth is inside, it argues. God is what we think He is. He adapts his Being to our notion of Him; and reality twists itself simultaneously into contradictory shapes.

Catholics cannot accept this indifferentism; they may not contribute to its spread. They believe that external truth is real and important, that it matters tremendously what

we believe, and that Jesus Christ has his own Church in the world, with a means of worship which He designed Himself.

The second reason that Catholics should not attend Billy Graham's services is that he does not teach with authority. We believe that Jesus gave exclusive authority to the Apostles and their legitimate successors to teach his Gospel. "Go, therefore, and make disciples of all nations . . . teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world." "He who believes and is baptized shall be saved, but he who does not believe shall be condemned." "If anyone preach a Gospel to you other than that which you have received, let him be anathema!"

We believe that the first function of the Church of Christ is to teach the doctrine of Christ, to preach his Gospel. And since He promised to remain with his Church, He keeps an eye on it, and a hand on it, to see that it teaches faithfully and truthfully. In other words, we believe in the infallible teaching authority of the Church. But in order to share in this authority an individual preacher must really represent the Church, he must be authorized to preach.

Does this seem to contradict your free American belief, Virginia, "that all things of the intellect should be free"? Maybe we should analyze

that statement of yours a little bit. By our nature we are free in our thinking, in that no one can force our thoughts; and no one should have the right to try. But if our thinking is to be any good it must be restricted by truth. It is not a useful exercise of freedom to think falsely. If we think black is white we are free but fallacious, and in some areas dangerously foolish.

In most fields of human knowledge we need to be properly taught and directed, at first, in our mental activities, but then once we have learned the methods we like to be left free to carry on our own unimpeded search and speculation. We may flounder a bit and come some jolting croppers, but our advancement will be happier and often more efficient than if we are impeded and restricted. We will still flunk exams if we give wrong answers, and blow up the laboratory if we grossly miscalculate reactions. But except for propaganda and commercials, public opinion and the threat of congressional investigation, no one has forced our thinking. Experimental truth is its own criterion, and we often arrive at it best by trial and error.

Religious truths are different, however. We know many of these truths only because they are revealed to us by God, and we accept them only on his word and his authority. We can dig up evidence to support some of them, and both reason and experience may show us

that others make good sense. But who could ever know about the Trinity if God had not revealed that it is so?

When we accept something on the authority of a teacher we must be sure of three things: 1. that the teacher knows what he is talking about; 2. that he is truthful; and 3. that we understand him rightly. Now when God reveals something to us there can be no doubt about the first two points. Our trouble comes with the third. We must be sure that we have the full message, that we are getting it straight, and that we understand the meaning. Most non-Catholic Christians—including Billy Graham—find God's Revelation in the Bible. There is no doubt that their source is authentic. It is God's own word. What they lack is assurance that it is complete—that it contains everything God revealed—and that they understand it rightly. The fact that various ones among them actually understand it in widely different ways should prove that not all of them do get the right meaning.

As we indicated above, in speaking of indifferentism, some people resolve this divergence of interpretation by saying that the important thing is not what we believe but how we believe it. If we are honest and convinced, that is all that is important. We Catholics do not accept this theory. We believe that if God took the trouble to reveal truths to us He actually wants us to know

and understand them: to believe them rightly as well as firmly. And it does not seem reasonable to us that God would make such elaborate efforts to reveal things to us—things of critical importance for our living and our salvation—and then let us flounder into a thousand different errors about his meaning, without any reliable guide to pull us out.

The bishops of Christ's Church are the direct successors of the Apostles, and they alone can give authority to preach in the name of Christ, as He sent his Apostles to teach. Even if a priest were preaching sound Catholic doctrine in Madison Square Garden, but doing it without authority, he would be doing wrong, and not properly representing Christ or his Church.

Now, my third point is that Billy does not preach all that Christ taught: that his doctrine is faulty by omission. Once we admit that he preaches as a non-Catholic for non-Catholics exclusively, we can be rather pleased with the doctrine he teaches, as far as it goes. It has much truth in it, in simplified form. He preaches sin and redemption, faith and salvation, heaven and hell. But that is about all. Billy pleads forcefully that we come and give ourselves to God, in Jesus who redeemed us, and thus avail ourselves of the salvation offered us. This giving of self involves faith and repentance—a conversion of some sort, a change of living—and it is marked

by public profession in the traditional revivalist manner of coming forward. It seemed to me that the aftermath of this conversion, its follow-up and implementation, was only vaguely defined.

Most of us would like to preach as well as Billy. We would welcome the evident signs of success which greet his appeals. And we would like to share his unperturbed charity in the face of persecution and opposition. He preaches a traditional form of Bible-belt Protestantism. But some of his fellow-Protestants resent him because, in their opinion, he simplifies religion so much that he makes it ridiculous. He has none of the obscuring symbolism which some of them have applied to those plain doctrines of sin and redemption. He has none of the world-shaping social doctrines which some of them have woven around the simple old truths to replace the theology which has been taken from them. And it is rather discomforting for them to hear him make hell so real, and heaven so glorious—and posthumous.

There is a certain attractiveness in simplicity. It appeals even more when combined with sincerity. We have traditionally admired the faith of the Breton peasant. It is a simple faith, filled in with prayer and practice. Billy Graham's is a simple faith, filled in with prayer, the Bible, and shapeless good works. A Catholic preacher might accept his simple outline and fill it in with the Mass

and the Sacraments, with an understanding of grace as God's continuous presence in our souls, with clearer notions of duty and virtue, and come up with a good Catholic sermon—which he might then present much less effectively than Billy does

his forceful outline. But he would preach it with the authority which comes to him from a successor of the Apostles, with assurance that he speaks in Christ's name and represents the teaching Church which is guided by the Holy Spirit.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

English has taken words from all periods of history and from every quarter of the globe. Almost all great civilizations have contributed to our vocabulary.

From Greek, our language has taken not only many words but, more important, certain roots that enter into the make-up of thousands of English words.

Metron in Greek, for example, means measure. Of the many English words in which this root is found, twelve are listed below in Column A. Try to match them with their meanings in column B.

Column A

1. *metronome*
2. *thermometer*
3. *diameter*
4. *asymmetrical*
5. *optometrist*
6. *hydrometer*
7. *metric*
8. *audiometer*
9. *barometric*
10. *kilometer*
11. *trigonometry*
12. *metrology*

Column B

- a) A unit of measurement equal to about $\frac{1}{8}$ of a mile.
- b) An instrument for marking exact time, especially in music.
- c) An instrument for determining the strength of solutions.
- d) Relating to measurement, a specific system of measurement.
- e) Branch of mathematics concerned with the measurement of angles.
- f) An instrument for measuring the power of hearing or the intensity of sounds.
- g) Pertaining to an instrument for measuring atmospheric pressure.
- h) One who measures the range of vision.
- i) Lacking proportion between the parts of a thing.
- j) Science, or system, of weights and measures.
- k) An instrument for measuring temperature.
- l) Length of straight line measured through the center of an object.

(Answers on page 63)

The Convert

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

TENSION BETWEEN PEOPLE usually springs from misunderstanding and ignorance. Tension between groups springs from the same causes. At the moment, tensions exist between Catholics and Protestants. A great number of articles have been written on the subject; polls have been taken; there has been a rash of primrose posh. Yet tensions remain.

On the Protestant side, complaints usually center around birth control, divorce, ghetto mentality, dogma, the priest's position in Catholic life, and problems involved in mixed marriages. Catholics complain of Protestant ignorance, sentimentality, soft-mindedness, and a Maria-Monkish misrepresentation of Catholic customs.

Now Margaret Culkin Banning has stirred all these ingredients into a peppery stew in her latest book, *The Convert*, which is sure to evoke howls from both sides.

Mrs. Banning is an old hand. Her stories in the *Saturday Evening Post* attracted a wide audience for years. World travel deepened her original perceptions, and sharpened her storytelling faculties.

This new novel is the third of a trilogy dealing with Catholic laymen and their relations with the Church and the largely Protestant civilization in which they live. The preceding novels of the trilogy, *Mixed Marriage* and *Fallen Away*, found a wide readership in America and Great Britain.

The scene of *The Convert* is northern Minnesota. The Worthing family is one of the first families of a bustling city, probably Duluth. The Worthings have money, prestige, and developing interests all along the shores of Lake Superior.

Mark Worthing, an easygoing Protestant, is head of the family, a competent businessman, and a civic leader. His wife Olive had thought her life was wrecked after an unfortunate early marriage that left her with two children. A second marriage, with Mark, restored her serenity.

Mark's mother, a widow, still lives in the family mansion. She is a clubwoman who loves to preside at unimportant meetings. Pamela, Mark's sister, lives in the Worthing tradition, but, unlike her mother, is something of a snob.

It is Alan, their handsome bachelor brother, who upsets all the Worthing appereances. While he is at St. Barnabas hospital for an operation, he meets a gorgeous nurse, Rose Mary Carroll. Rose Mary has all the qualities that would make Alan a fine wife, except one: she is a Catholic.

The Worthings try to ignore this handicap, but it comes into focus when Rose Mary insists that Alan take the required instructions before marriage.

"She's got Alan going to a Catholic class," Pamela tells Mark.

"A class?"

"A class where priests tell them what they have to do. Imagine Alan! Well, you know how Catholics are about marriage and how they fight birth control and want these pathetic creatures to have 14 or 15 children whether they can take care of them or not."

Mark is normally a fair man, but his sister's alarm brings out his own latent prejudices. They emerge in a long discussion with his wife. Among his many overstatements is the following:

"But what gets me is the attempt to control the lives of people, control their thinking. I've been watching this parochial-school business. Quite impersonally. It doesn't affect me at all. Just as a matter of interest. It looks to me like segregation in its worst form. In colored schools, at least the kids are taught the same things as the white kids are. But in

parochial schools that's not so, and that's why they exist. They teach a brand of religion—not freedom of religion, but that one is right and the other's wrong. They catch them when they're young and make bigots of them. And now they're beginning to insist on their own brand of marriage. In a Protestant country."

As head of the family, Mark calls Alan in and faces him with arguments against marriage with Rose Mary. They part in anger.

After reflection, Alan finds his own prejudices boiling up. He breaks with Rose Mary, and marries Dot Langhorn, a materialistic fashion plate, acceptable to the Worthings. They settle down in an uneasy truce with life.

At this point the story moves into high gear. Unhappiness, brought into being by misunderstanding of the Church and her meaning, begins to affect the lives of all the Worthings, particularly Mark and Olive.

Mrs. Banning has assembled here a notable gallery of characters with muddled heads and mixed motives. She has handled them with a deftness that comes from long experience with real people.

The Convert is an exciting novel of real life, impressive in depth and precision. This adventure in reading (320 pp.) is published by Harper and Brothers, New York City, at \$3.95—to Catholic Digest Book Club members, \$2.95. See announcement on page 5.

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PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

One of my neighbors, being hard pressed for money during the depression, was forced to sell her house in the country for an absurdly small amount, and move to the city where she hoped to find work. Her friends were all indignant with the new owner because they felt that he had taken advantage of her situation in buying the house from her for so little money.

After prosperity had returned to the country the new owner sold the house for three times what he had paid for it. Instead of pocketing all the profits, however, he sent half to the woman who sold him the house for so little. People are like that!

Ann Cattell.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

When I was a little boy on a farm near Marshall, Minn., my first great assignment was given me during the harvest.

I was to climb up to the seat of a grain wagon, freshly filled with wheat from the threshing machine, and drive it the four miles to the grain elevator.

I got there OK with the help of the horses. A man fussed about with a long tube, emptied out the grain, gave me a slip of paper. I came trotting proudly home, or rather I made the horses trot.

I didn't know then what the man was doing with the tube, but I know now.

In that wagon were about 300 bushels of wheat. It takes about a million grains of wheat to make a bushel. That wagonload would be emptied into a freight car which would hold 1,700 bushels. The freight car, therefore, would hold 1 billion, 700 million grains of wheat.

The tube would be shoved down into the wheat, and 40,000 grains selected at random. These 40,000 are weighed and examined, and payment is made for the quality of the grain.

A few months ago we made a similar study. We wanted to find out many things about the readers of *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*. We selected 1600 buyers out of the 900,000, and asked them questions. The way those 1600 answered the interviewer is about the same way all 900,000 would have answered, if they all had been interviewed.

I'm going to tell you a lot of things about yourselves later on. Now, I want to tell you about one question.

You were asked: Have you ever given a *CATHOLIC DIGEST* subscription to someone as a gift? I'm happy to report that 23% of you said Yes, you had; sorry, though, to report that 74% of you had not. What about the missing 3%? You couldn't remember.

Personally, I can think of few ideas I like better than the idea of a gift subscription. Christmas is coming, and perhaps you ought to start thinking about it. If you know someone who "has everything" and hasn't got *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*, that someone hasn't got everything.

Then we asked another question of those of you who gave it as a gift. "How did you happen to give *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST* instead of some other gift?"

All your answers were about the same. You thought the person would like it, or you knew the person liked it and wanted it, or else you said simply, "Because I like it."

That, I think, is reason enough. If about a million people like it well enough to buy it, there ought to be another million with similar minds.

You would certainly make that little boy on the grain wagon happy if all of you followed the example of 23% of you.

Father Bussard.

People 60 to 80



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